NEW MASSES

APRIL 11, 1939 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

Alvarez del Vayo
LAST DAYS IN SPAIN

Here Comes the Doctor!
The Exploited Interne and the Young Doctor's Dilemma

Art Young
From His Notebook and Family Album

From Office Boys to Editors
The UOPWA Joint Council in Action

James Connolly: Irish Catholic Socialist

OTHER ARTICLES BY

Robert Forsythe, Joseph Freeman, Fred Keller, Paul G. McManus

CARTOONS BY

Gropper, Gardner Rea, Richter, Colin Allen

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Between Ourselves

THE EDITORS of this magazine cannot see their way clear to putting out the next issue unless funds are received in the coming week.

Last week enough money came in to enable us to print the issue now in your hands. At this writing there is no money with which to print an April 18 issue. The average daily income on the fund drive during the past week has been $27. We could add that to our regular income and still be hundreds of dollars behind the amount needed to pay our paper and printing expenses.

We are in the midst of a campaign to raise $30,000 to assure not only the next issue but the continued existence of the magazine for the *next year*. If we had the $30,000, we could do it. At the rate we're going, we have not the funds for the issue you should receive one week from today.

We have no money. You haven't very much. Yet we know that together we can put out this magazine and make it a force for good.

Recently we changed the format, made NEW MASSES into something our readers agree is better than before. We are winning new people. The movement we're part of needs new people. We're doing that job.

Still, we haven't enough money for the April 18 issue. This is Tuesday morning. This afternoon we should start work on a new issue. But we can't see a clear path ahead to the following Tuesday, when the next issue should close.

We can't see it. Maybe you can. Maybe our readers can put out the next issue of the magazine.

But then, you say to us, what about the next week? And the next. And all the following weeks. If we get out the next issue of NEW MASSES, will we readers also have to put up immediate cash for every subsequent issue?

We have only one answer. We know that we have not the money for the next issue and we also know that, with a not unreasonable sacrifice, our readers could guarantee the $30,000 needed for the coming year.

The coming issue is uppermost in our minds, naturally. Money for that is needed immediately. $1 from every reader would take care of the long-range problem too. But we must have it now.

THE article by Julio Alvarez del Vayo, foreign minister in the Negrin Cabinet, also appeared in the *New Statesman and Nation* of London. . . . Cora MacAlbert has for some time been making an intensive study of the medical profession. . . . Art Young, whose work is now being shown at the ACA Gallery, N. Y., will be represented at the World's Fair in the exhibit of American Artists—this being the seventh World's Fair in which the veteran artist has had a part. . . . Alter Brody, the author of *Lamentations* and *A Family Album,* has contributed to the *Nation,* the *New Republic,* and NM. . . . Samuel Levenson, of Worcester, Mass., is writing a biography of James Connolly. . . . Fred Keller was a political commissar of the Lincoln-Washington Battalion. . . . Grace Hutchins is on the editorial staff of Labor Research Association. . . . "Death Masks" by Don Gordon is the title of a series of poems by the author which NM is publishing. . . . Paul G. McManus is our Washington correspondent.

As we go to press, word comes from NM Editor Joseph North, who is now on the West Coast, that he is writing a series of articles on Hollywood, which will begin in an early issue.

"I'm supposed to be down here for a rest," writes William Gropper from Miami Beach. "With the political situation in Europe as it is—how can anybody rest? So here's a cartoon!"

Notice: To those NM readers who were disappointed at not seeing the *Sunday Night Varieties* last Sunday evening, a special performance this Sunday evening is being held at the Barbizon Plaza Theater, 58th St. and 6th Ave., N. Y. Tickets may be purchased at the door.

Flashbacks

AFTER criticizing Bukharin and Radek for too great concessions to the bourgoisie in united-front negotiations, Lenin wrote, April 9, 1922: "We adopted the united-front tactics in order to help the masses to fight against capital and we shall pursue these tactics to the end." . . . "Discrimination and coercion to prevent the free exercise of the right of employees to self-organization and representation is a proper subject of condemnation by competent legislative authority." Thus the Supreme Court said, on April 12, 1937, that the Wagner act was legal.

This Week

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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New Masses

VOLUME XXXI APRIL 11, 1939 NUMBER 3

Last Days in Spain

Julio Alvarez del Vayo, foreign minister of the Spanish republic, describes the last phase of democratic resistance.

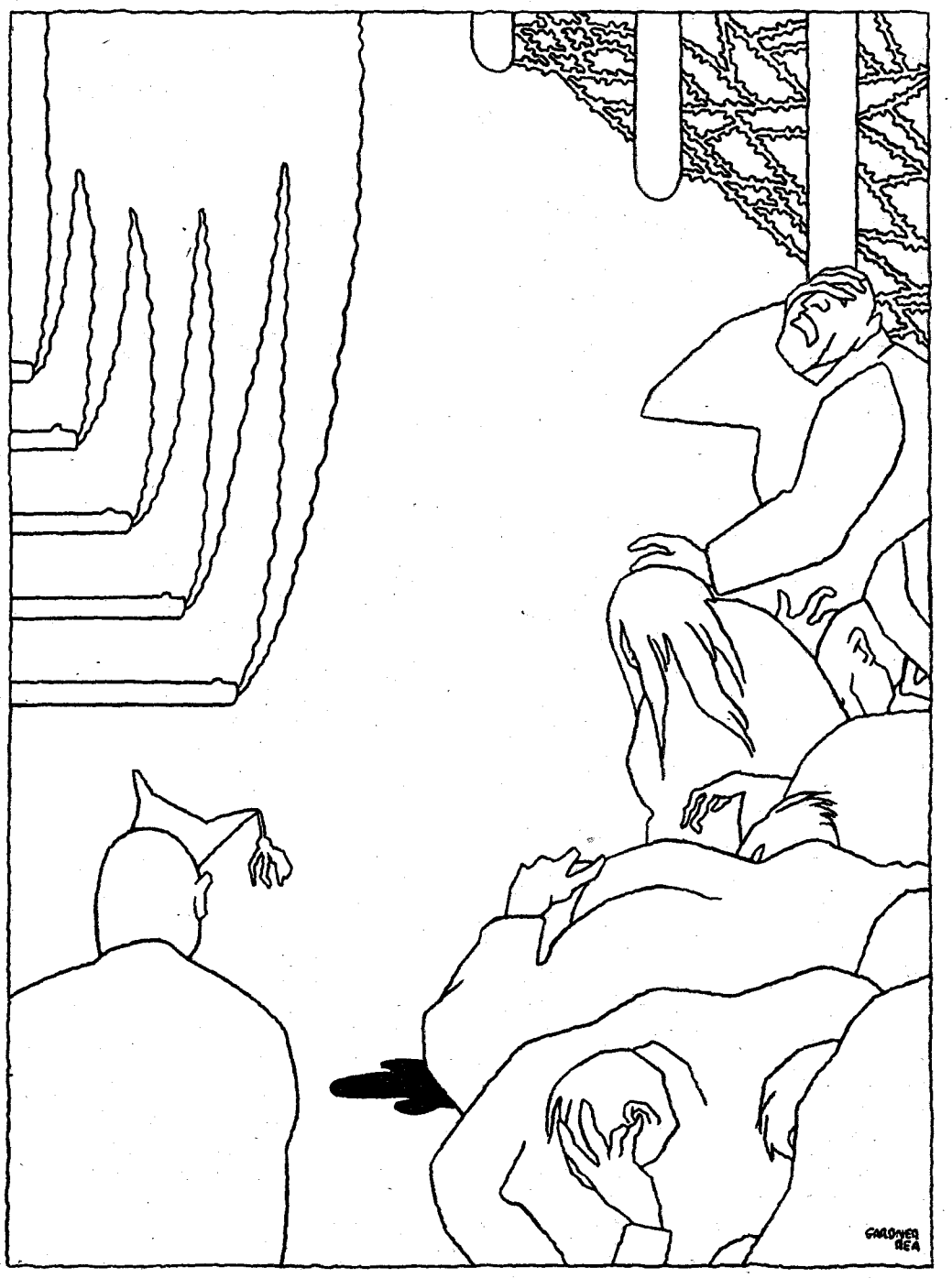
The following article by the foreign minister in the Negrin Cabinet is, we believe, the first published account by a member of the Spanish republican government of its motives and policy after the capture of Barcelona.—THE EDITORS.

AFTER thirty-three months of the most heroic and hapless struggle for national independence of modern times, the Spanish people have succumbed to fearful stress and privations. Republican Spain is now bleeding to death in circumstances which leave her best friends abroad a prey to grief and perplexity. I should like here, as objectively and dispassionately as possible, to try to clarify at least one aspect of the present situation which has given rise to the most contradictory comments; I refer to the purpose by which the Negrin government was animated when, after the loss of Catalonia, it transferred to the Central Zone.

The fall of Catalonia had placed the government in a desperately difficult position. In addition to the pathetic inferiority in regard to war material of the republican army as compared with the forces of invasion, there was now the new factor of dislocation of the whole governmental machinery—unavoidable in the circumstances. At Figueras the government continued to be a government more by virtue of its moral authority and the confidence which it still inspired in the people, than on the grounds of any normal functioning of the administration. After all, the real situation was now an army in retreat, a government minus its ministerial departments, and the mass exodus over the frontier of a civil population terrified at the idea of falling into the hands of the fascists and panic-stricken because of the continual bombardment of the enemy aircraft. From a purely political point of view —and since in the Central Zone there was still an army intact and a population unaffected by the collapse in Catalonia—the most effective move would have been for the members of the government to have immediately betaken themselves by air to Valencia.

THE GOVERNMENT'S STAND

The government knew, however—and this was the unanimous opinion of the General Staff—that its departure from Catalonia involved the enormous risk of utter catastrophe developing in the actual frontier area. And so the Negrin government, now foolishly indicted on the grounds that it sought to bring about a European conflagration—accused of gambling on a general war as its only means of salvation—was in fact obstinately standing its ground in those tragic days so as to prevent any trouble developing at the French frontier. By staying there, undoubtedly it did achieve that object. Such a policy was indeed in accordance with the foreign policy which it had consistently pursued; witness its acceptance of the plan brought forth by the Non-Intervention Committee in London though it was so much against the interests of the republic, and its decision at a later date to arrange the withdrawal from Spain of non-Spanish com-



Gardner Rea

They Call It Peace

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batants under the aegis of the League of Nations. By remaining at its post until the very last moment of the tragedy of Catalonia, the government succeeded in avoiding, therefore, conflicts at the French frontier, the risk of which was, not unnaturally, causing the French government acute apprehension. It accomplished more than that. Four hundred thousand men and women were evacuated from Catalonia without the slightest incident on the Spanish side. In two nights which I shall never forget, because I was with the minister of finance the whole night through, supervising the organization of their transport, we managed to effect the removal of all the art treasures of the Prado Museum; it was the Spanish government, through its ambassador in Paris, which took the first steps toward securing the assistance of friendly governments and international cooperation for the preservation of these artistic treasures from danger. It was a prodigious achievement. We were terribly short of conveyances, and at the last moment, contrary to what I, personally, had arranged and formally agreed to with the museum officials, the seventy-five French lorries that were to come into Spain to collect the Prado pictures never arrived. I am sure the reader can imagine what this calamity meant at a time when everyone was moving heaven and earth to get any old Ford to make the journey to the frontier to safety, or to carry out the military withdrawal operations —to get hold of seventy-five lorries, to load them up with the Prado pictures, and then drive them through the crowd which had been waiting night after night at the threshold of the frontier to get away themselves from the terror of the advancing enemy.

PRISONERS FREED

Nor was it only a question of the Prado pictures. There were sixty Italian pilots—the same persons who had for months been bombarding the cities and peaceful villages of Catalonia—who were got through the crowds thanks to the Spanish government and set free in France, besides several hundred more prisoners.

Having done its duty in ensuring the departure from Catalonia of all the civil population and the army, the government then proceeded to the Central Zone. What was in its mind? What were the intentions of Senor Negrin and his colleagues? They had one single purpose; it was to contrive the best possible conditions of peace for the heroic population of Castile, Levant, and Andalusia, whose glory is symbolized by the name of Madrid. We knew perfectly well that it was impossible now to win the war. We knew that it was our duty to make peace, and make it as speedily as possible. After the unconditional recognition of Franco by the British and French governments the republic of Spain was to be subjected to an inexorable blockade. I remember, when the prime minister and I arrived in Alicante on February 10, the first thing we saw was the harrowing spectacle of the harbor almost completely destroyed by air bombardments, with one foreign merchant vessel sinking as a result of the previous day's raid.

Of the three conditions for making peace which Dr. Negrin had stipulated in that last meeting of the Cortes at Figueras on February 1, with the unanimous approval of the Chamber—the independence of Spain, freedom for the Spanish people to determine its destiny, and the assurance that there would be no reprisals—we knew perfectly well that the only one still possessing any practical meaning, the only one we must strive for, was the third. What we could do and must do was to obtain assurances that the civil population and the mass of the soldiers in the Central Zone who had fought so gloriously for thirty-three months should not be given over to the clamorous fascist demands for their extermination, voiced time and again by the insurgents and pressed for insistently by the Italian and German press. It was a question of making possible the departure from Spain of some twenty thousand marked men and women, for whom the fate of remaining under the regime of the fascist conquerors was worse than death. It was for this that the Negrin government was still disposed to resist—and for nothing else. And the first to be apprised of this situation were those same generals who later started a rebellion against the government. On February 14 there was a meeting of all the army leaders with the prime minister, Dr. Negrin, at Llanos, near Albacete, when a full statement was made.

I and my colleagues in the government thought that the only way of obtaining any such act of grace from General Franco was by combining such pressure as might be applied on the international plane with an attitude which gave the impression that we were prepared to go on fighting. That resistance was indeed possible has, I think, been demonstrated since, and not least by the latest tragic happenings in Madrid. Had it not been for the terrible cleavage in the anti-fascist ranks, brought about by the rising of a number of the army leaders against the Negrin government, it would have been perfectly possible to put General Franco in this dilemma—either he must grant such guarantees of a purely humanitarian character as were demanded, or he must run the risk of sacrificing in a fresh offensive several thousand men. And there could not have been any great enthusiasm for such a course in an army like that of the insurgents, which had not been fighting for several weeks.

ONLY ATTITUDE POSSIBLE

As we saw it honestly, there was no other attitude that could be adopted. Forthcoming events will show who was right. In spite of this latest rising against the legitimate government, in spite of the fact that this strife among the anti-fascist ranks which the government was always so determined to avoid has now broken out, I hope and pray with all my heart that the rebelling Junta in Madrid may obtain from the insurgents those selfsame guarantees of a humanitarian character for which the Negrin government was striving. On that Monday morning when we came away, the last message transmitted by Dr. Negrin was one of friendly greeting to Colonel Casado, urging the necessity for closing our ranks—to which no reply was vouchsafed. But, whatever may be our desires, I am afraid it is not likely that any guarantees can be obtained, and we may well see the population and the soldiers of the Central Zone in the next few days become the victims of the most horrible massacre in the annals of modern Europe.

JULIO ALVAREZ DEL VAYO.

Death Masks

Mussolini

The taurine head
  gored its own youth,
    broke in the sour dust a man's debris.
Remained: the angry horns;
  the puffed and sounding nostrils;
    only the squat image in the eye.
Quietly the boneless forum
  lay on its side; in the arena
    birds pecked the ghosts of the slain Gauls.
Six days, for time to reverse
  and Caesar re-cast the die, he roared
    at the stones; on the seventh he rested
In the empire
  held by the sullen sentry-boxes,
    the leaning walls of Rome.
The bound ax,
  terrible in the brass parades,
    is split at the helve:
The edge,
  against the weight of hunger,
    slips on the Tuscan farms;
The blade flashes sun
  in the dense squares
    to blind the African graves;
He does not hear
  the monotone of women
    asking news from Spain.
He cannot sleep in flags;
  nor talk at night
    above Lipari's moan.
He cannot summon friends:
  the seven hills saw Tiber
    slide its bodies to the sea.
He cannot dream,
  for Matteotti comes
    between the eyelid and the dream.
Upon the draining head
  constricts the clay; from throat to brow
    tightens the certain, slow, inviolate mask.
He will be known
  if any man
    dig the small face of death.

DON GORDON.

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Here Comes the Doctor!

The plight of the interne in New York's hospitals, typical of the young doctor's dilemma elsewhere, is revealed in this first of a series of articles on student medicos.

SIREN screaming, the ambulance shrieks to a sudden halt. "Here comes the doctor!" the crowd in front of the tenement cry, and clutching his thirty-pound bag, the man-in-white climbs to the roof and looks down the narrow shaft between the tenement and the chair factory.

Little Marilyn Murphy, age nine, and Lorraine Chinchar, ten, a few minutes earlier playing house on the rooftop, have plunged through the flimsy wire and tarpaper covering which concealed the shaft. The children, wedged between the narrow brick walls five stories down, are screaming piteously.

The man-in-white is lowered to the little girls. He calls back to the policemen on the roof that the children cannot be hoisted out with ropes, that the wall must be broken through. There is no room to use wooden splints; for two hours, down in the narrow darkness, he gives the children sedatives and injections in the attempt to comfort them. Dripping with sweat and covered with brick dust, the man-in-white emerges to the street, as the crowd of three thousand cheer.

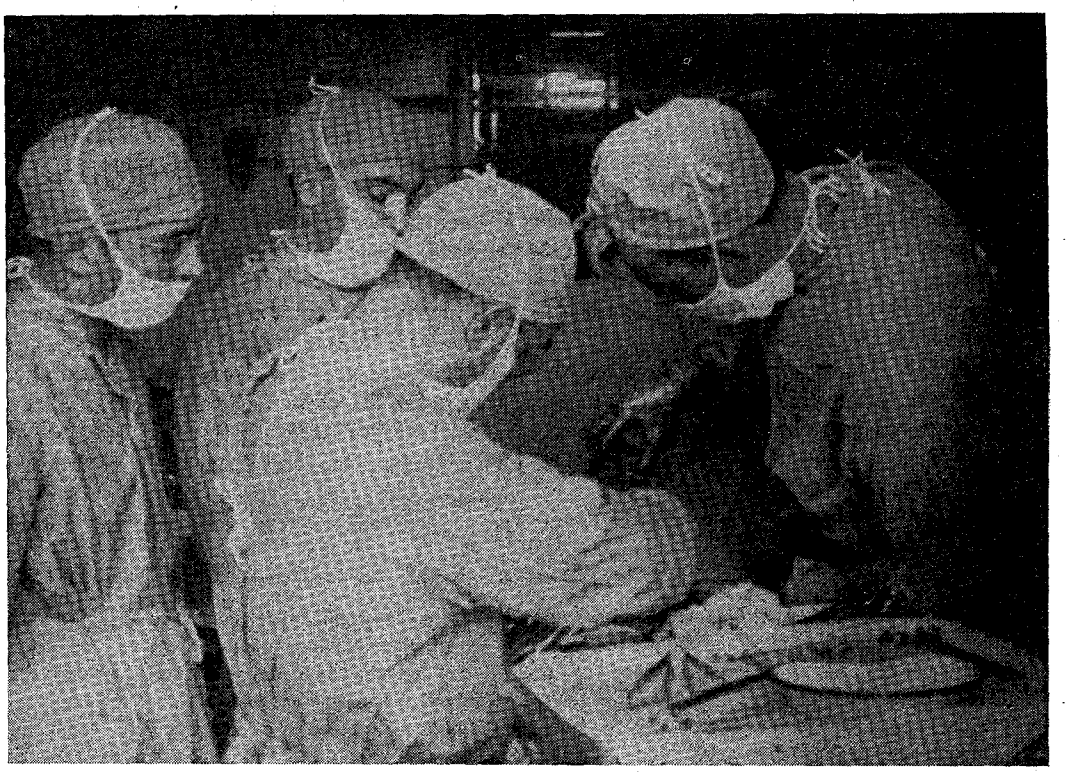
All the newspapers wrote him up and printed his picture. The man-in-white was a hospital interne—Dr. Philip Zoller of the Flower Fifth Avenue Hospital. A hero, occupied thirty-six hours out of every forty-eight without salary, he told the papers that it was all part of a day's work.

"Interne Saves Girl at Sea by a Midnight Operation" got a big spread in all the papers one day in September 1937. The interne was young Dr. T. E. Jarrett, on vacation from Methodist Episcopal Hospital, Brooklyn, serving as ship's doctor on the *Eastern Prince,* up from Buenos Aires. After performing a lumbar puncture on six-year-old Joan Millward, he sat beside her for fifty hours. Dr. Jarrett could not be found for an interview. He had no chance to tell the papers that lumbar punctures and long hours on duty were all part of an interne's daily job.

The spectacular justly makes the news. And in recent times, the dramatic and spectacular in the young doctor's life have captured the public imagination. The doctor is the latest darling of novels, movies, and the radio, virtually replacing the lawyer, the preacher, and the artist.

INTERNE—WORKER AND PROFESSIONAL

The man-in-white usually appears as a confident figure, presiding over life and death under romantic circumstances. Certainly, there is drama in the doctor's life, especially from the layman's point of view. Essentially, however, the interne is a man who by predilection and training embarks upon a career of service to the community. He is a professional, of course, but such are the unusually unsatisfactory conditions, the tedious, unrelieved hours under which he works, that he is, in fact, in the words of the late Justice Cardozo, no different from such other hospital employees as orderlies, porters, and clerks.



Lester Bergman

THIRTY-SIX HOURS OUT OF FORTY-EIGHT. *Denied subsistence, harassed with details and unpaid drudgery, the interne still does a doctor's work with less pay than an orderly, porter, or clerk.*

Looking at Dr. Joe Interne's thirty-six hours on duty gives a pretty good idea not only of the service part of his interneship, but also the educational part. He has had a day so full of routine clerical and technical jobs that he has never had time to get a really good look at the patient and little time to think about the patient. He had never believed that medicine was all action with no time for thought. He still doesn't, but he has to act as if he does.

Extensive preparation for a medical career is a modern development in medical education. One hundred years ago a young man with little more than a smattering of Latin could apprentice himself to a practicing physician, accompany him on his visits for a year or two, and then hang out his shingle.

The first real nationwide effort to standardize medical education came as a result of the activities of the American Medical Association's Council on Medical Education, founded in 1905, and Dr. Abraham Flexner's revelations in *Medical Education in the United States and Canada,* in 1910. Hundreds of diploma mills, where a man with a minimum amount of study and a variable amount of money could get a diploma enabling him to practice, were shut down. The 431 existing medical schools were reduced to about eighty, nearly all of which are "approved" schools, according to the standards set up by the AMA. They all require an undergraduate degree for admission.

Today the medical student's curriculum takes in every phase of the normal and abnormal structure and the function of each organ of the human body, embracing the medical and surgical treatment of some two thousand diseases.

To meet successfully the demands of such a curriculum, the medical student must put in long hours of intensive and concentrated work. Very fortunate indeed is the student who can take on a part-time job to help pay his way. Occasionally he works during the vacation period, but more often than not, especially during his junior and senior years, he spends time without pay as a clinical clerk, or externe, in a hospital.

Today, limitation of a professional career to those who can afford its high cost is more usual in the case of medicine than any other profession. The cost of the interne's education until he receives his MD degree has been estimated conservatively at $10,000. Including in the calculation the loss of possible earnings during the four-year medical school periods, the AMA about two years ago gave an estimate of $15,000 to $20,000.

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Thus, after an expenditure of a modest fortune, years of secondary, higher, and specialized education, the young MD, usually from twenty-six to thirty years of age, scouts about for a hospital interneship.

While the interneship is not required by the colleges or state law in many states, the canons of practice have resulted in its general acceptance. As recently as 1904 one-half the medical students in New York City did not interne. Today nearly all medical students look forward to a two- or three-year period of hospital interning to supplement their studies —which means, in the final analysis, better to serve their communities. This eliminates the risky practice, celebrated by the horse-and-buggy school of thought, whereby the young doctor pursues his unsupervised studies at the expense of his patients.

While the medical graduate's need of the hospital interneship is generally recognized, many people forget that the hospital needs the interne. This was recently emphasized by Dr. J. H. Means, professor of medicine at Harvard Medical School:

> In the beginning, the motive of hospitals in establishing interne systems was undoubtedly utilitarian. The need of physicians and surgeons living within the hospital early became apparent in this country . . . in order that the institution might give as good care to its patients as medical science of the day permitted. Because hospitals were poor, the expedient was resorted to of inducing young men just graduated in medicine, or in some cases about to graduate, to serve for limited periods in exchange for maintenance and experience.

Before the advent of anaesthesia, aseptic surgery, diagnostic laboratories, and modern specialty services, hospital needs were modest and the internes were few in number. The development of modern surgery and obstetrics, in particular, created a demand for hospitalization from all classes of the people. Hospital construction took a phenomenal rise and interne population increased with it. In New York City, the number of internes increased from three in 1792, to 273 in 1895. By 1914 the total had reached 503 while by 1936 internes numbered 1,760, representing one-sixth of the house-staff population in the country.

HOW HOSPITALS APPOINT

The prevailing system of obtaining an interneship is so chaotic and discriminatory that the chances are limited. Each hospital gives its own examination for interneship appointment, most of which, in the larger hospitals, come during the last days of December for appointments to be made the following July. Fourth-year medical students take as many as fifteen examinations during this period. Smaller hospitals hold examinations in between periods, with the result that medical students often contract in advance for interneships they may not want, rather than risk being left without an appointment.

In municipal hospitals the examinations are open to all medical graduates. But that does

A Day in the Life of an Interne

GET an idea of what the interne does during his working day by following Dr. Joe Interne during a few of his thirty-six hours on duty. He is on a rotating service in a medium sized, three-hundred-bed hospital. He is the pediatrics interne, answering "first call."

7:45 a. m. Breakfast, none served after 8:00 a.m.

8:00 a. m. To laboratory to pick up orders for blood chemistries and Wassermanns on pediatrics ward, and collecting paraphernalia for chemistries, citrate bottles, syringes, etc.

8:15 a. m. To pediatrics ward—twenty patients—to collect blood from five babies before they have breakfast. Doing venous punctures takes a long time on the babies because their veins are hard to find and they squirm so much. Made more difficult because nurses are busy doing something else and are not readily available to hold the baby. Back to lab where the blood specimens are given to another interne who is spending two months there doing routine blood chemistries.

9:00 a. m. Back to pediatrics ward to make quick round on patients. Hasn't seen them in twelve hours and wants to see how they are getting on.

10:00 a. m. Down to lab to do urinalyses on ten children. Urine taken by nurses at 6:00 a. m. and sent to lab.

10:30 a. m. Looks for pipettes for blood counts. No clean ones available. Washes and dries dirty ones. Back to pediatrics ward to draw blood from patients' fingers with three different pipettes, and smears blood on glass slides for microscopic examination. On way to lab to begin blood counts, gets ambulance call.

10:45 a. m. Goes out on call and picks up patient and brings him to hospital. Call sent at request of a private physician. No examination necessary. Interne must bring him in.

11:15 a. m. To lab to knock off one blood count, leaving four still in basket.

11:30 a. m. Rounds in pediatrics ward with a doctor of attending staff; goes over each patient and looks at his chart; attending doctor makes suggestions.

12:15 p. m. Sits down to write attending's orders on patients' charts.

12:30 p. m. Lunch; conversation with interne on ear, nose, and throat, asking him to come to pediatrics ward and look at bulging eardrum and get his physician in for consultation.

12:45 p. m. Back to lab to complete blood counts and then to ward to record his findings.

1:45 p. m. Call to admitting room. Takes nose and throat culture on new patient to rule out diphtheria.

2:00 p. m. To ward with patient; does physical examination and gets history from the mother.

2:30 p. m. Visiting hours. Discusses children's condition with parents.

3:00 p. m. Ambulance call; emergency obstetrics call; woman in labor rushed to delivery room where interne on obstetrics takes charge.

3:45 p. m. To record room to catch up on dictating summaries of discharged cases.

4:15 p. m. To pediatrics ward writing progress notes on each patient for the day from study of nurses' notes, temperature chart, lab sheet, and special reports from X-ray department. No time to look at patients.

5:00 p. m. Usual grousing about food, and talk with interne who is about to go into practice about cost of office equipment.

5:30 p. m. Thinks of going up to pediatrics ward to examine a chest he's not sure about, but is called to admitting room. Child vomiting constantly, hard time getting nose and throat culture. Up to ward with new patient and takes history and physical.

6:00 p. m. Call to drug room to fill some prescriptions. Pharmacist now off duty.

6:30 p. m. Ambulance call. Automobile accident. Two injured. Makes examinations. One unconscious, possible fractured skull. Other a fractured leg. Puts Thomas splint on leg fracture while patient still on the ground. "Splint 'em where they lay." Takes both back to hospital.

7:30 p. m. New admission on medical service which he covers on his nights on duty. Pneumonia. Takes history and physical and sputum. Takes sputum to lab to determine which of thirty-two types of pneumonia patient has to determine serum to be given.

8:45 p. m. To medical ward with serum; tests patient for allergy to horse serum, finds not allergic, starts injections, one to be given every two hours. Goes down to office to report pneumonia and fill out Board of Health forms.

9:15 p. m. To pediatrics ward to check temperatures and leave orders for the night with nurse.

9:45 p. m. Called to operating room to relieve anaesthetist while he starts on another patient.

10:15 p. m. Supper.

10:45 p. m. Second injection of serum.

11:10 p. m. To his room for first time since morning, leaving orders with telephone operator to call him every two hours. Starts to look up something but falls asleep in his clothes with book on his chest.

1:00 a. m. Operator calls; up to medical ward to inject serum.

1:30 a. m. On way to his room, called to pediatrics ward to look at child with chest he'd worried about who has coughing fit. Orders sedative for child.

2:00 a. m. Back to bed.

3:00 a. m. Call to inject serum.

3:30 a. m. Just as he gets back to his room and takes off uniform, ambulance call. Picks up "acute appendix," staff doctor's patient, no examination.

4:00 a. m. Rather than try to sleep, stays up to watch operation.

5:00 a. m. Gives serum.

5:30 a. m. Goes to sleep.

7:30 a. m. Day starts again with same fight for time being intensified by two hours required at child hygiene clinic. This is his night off, but if he leaves too promptly at 6:00 p. m. it may be said that he is not interested in his work.

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not mean that all successful candidates have an equal chance of appointment. For there is a good deal of discrimination, affecting women, Jews, Negroes, Americans from foreign schools, and the married applicant.

For example, the woman graduate finds only twenty-four of the seventy-seven approved hospitals open to her. In many cases this is only a paper acceptance. Actually, in 1937 there were only sixty-three women internes and residents on duty in eighteen metropolitan hospitals. The Jewish applicant finds it especially difficult to get on services in the municipal hospital run by the medical colleges, such as the first and second division at Bellevue. It is considered a waste of time to apply to such private hospitals as New York, St. Luke's, or Presbyterian.

The Negro student can look only to Harlem Hospital, but Harlem Hospital, 90 percent of whose patients are Negroes, allows only seven Negro students among its sixty internes. Likewise, the American who has studied abroad is faced with the AMA edict that hospitals shall accept foreign graduates only when graduates of American schools are unavailable. On the grounds that marriage interferes with his work, the married interne meets with administration disfavor. Unexpressed, but always present, is the suspicion that marital ties will intensify the interne's dissatisfaction with his economic status.

When such conditions exist in city hospitals, it is not surprising that private hospitals too are influenced by considerations other than merit in appointing internes. Personal privilege, direct or indirect bribery, and financial standing of the applicant may play an important part.

NEPOTISM

One excellent method of getting an appointment is through a relative or a friend of a member of the board of trustees. Buying an interneship through a direct gift, or giving business to some member of the board of trustees, is a fashion not unknown in some of the private hospitals. Donations to the hospital improve an applicant's chances. Last year when a newly opened hospital in New York City made four times as many "appointments" as there were openings, it was intimated that donations would facilitate final selection.

Mount Sinai Hospital, New York, has long been honored for the fairness of its examination system, in which the applicants wrote not their names but identifying numbers on their papers. But this policy was recently altered to eliminate the competitive element. The hospital now sends invitations to the deans of the medical schools asking them to recommend two or three students. Only these students are permitted to apply, while their application takes the form of an oral interview before a select board.

These changes may be regarded as part of a general reactionary trend in one of America's great medical institutions. Last fall, when internes wished to wire President Roosevelt in protest against the Nazi atrocities, Superintendent Turner forbade them to use the hospital's name in the telegram's signature. A year ago, the Federation of Jewish Charities gave the hospital a non-returnable loan to pay at least $15 per month for all internes' salaries. While the hospital had previously resisted pressure for some stipend to its internes on the plea of "insufficient funds," Mount Sinai now rejected the whole idea on principle.

REGULATORY APPOINTMENTS

A method of regulating interne appointments in city hospitals was suggested last April by Paul Kern, chairman of the Municipal Civil Service Commission. Adopted by the Civil Service Commission, his proposal provided that all municipal hospital internes be placed in a non-competitive group directly under the commission; appointments would be made on the basis of a uniform examination, with a salary of $680 per year.

Commissioner of Hospitals Goldwater countered this plan with the statement that "organized medicine throughout the city would oppose the change" and that he himself would back this opposition 100 percent. The specific objections were that the Advisory Council of the Department of Hospitals and the medical boards of the individual hospitals opposed the transfer of jurisdiction over interne examinations, and that internes' salaries should be handled by the Department of Hospitals rather than by mandatory legislation.

A committee formed by the deans of medical schools and the New York Academy of Medicine, in collaboration with Commissioner Goldwater, offered their substitute proposal. Interne appointments in city hospitals were to be made on the following basis: medical school standing, 30 percent; written examinations given at each hospital, 30 percent; oral interview, 40 percent. Obviously, this is hardly different from the prevailing system. It provides no check on the individual medical boards who may easily use the 40 percent for discriminatory purposes.

But having been admitted to a hospital berth, the interne's problems have only begun. For while the interneship is essentially an apprenticeship, combining experience as well as education, life within the hospital provides many new problems. These will be dealt with in the next article.

CORA MACALBERT.

They Support Hearst

THE following firms, by continuing to advertise in the Chicago *American* and *Herald & Examiner,* are giving support to Hearst in his attempt to break the strike of the employees on those papers:

Automobiles. Buick, Ford, Chevrolet.
Chain Stores. A & P, National Tea, Sears Roebuck, Walgreen's Drug.
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Drugs. Pepsodent Antiseptic, Nature's Remedy, Tums, Vicks Vapo-Rub, and Vicks Cough Drops.
Liquors. National Distillers, Wilson Distillers, Carstairs Bros. Distillery Co., Schenley Products, Black & White Whisky, Schenley Distilling Corp.
Tobacco. Camels, Chesterfield, Lucky Strike, Old Gold.
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Gas and Oil. Standard Oil Co., Phillips "66," Sinclair Oil Co.

Bad Laws in the Making

Repressive labor legislation in various states awaiting progressive protests.

HUNDREDS of bills restrictive of labor's rights and of the rights of labor's sympathizers are now before the nation's lawmaking bodies. Anti-picketing resolutions, bills to establish Dies committees in the states, racial discrimination proposals, and the like are awaiting action in many state legislatures. In all cases the chances of passing such legislation can be scaled down in exact proportion to the protests registered by progressives. Following is a list of some of the most repressive of the state measures now under consideration:

California: Bill denying state relief to aliens. *Illinois:* "Little Dies committee" bill. *Indiana:* Aimed particularly at labor unions is a bill requiring incorporation of all organizations that solicit funds for membership dues.

Kansas: A bill extending the scope of Kansas' criminal syndicalism law, limiting rights of assembly for progressive organizations, and prohibiting sitdown strikes. *Michigan:* Another "little Dies committee" bill, and a bill to cripple the unions by an impossible mass of red tape that must be gone through before strikes can be called; the same bill would outlaw most picketing and prohibit sitdowns.

Minnesota: A rider to the Civil Service Bill to prohibit employment of Communists, Socialists, or persons advocating "anything other than a democratic form of government"; like all such bills, it is aimed at excluding anyone not sharing the opinions of the present ruling cliques. Also a labor relations bill outlawing the closed shop, sympathetic strikes, sitdowns, secondary picketing, and boycott.

Ohio: A "little Dies committee" bill; bills for incorporation of unions and licensing union officials. *New Jersey:* Bill to penalize persons refusing to salute the flag on religious grounds, and a bill to restrict lobbying by progressives; a bill to prohibit strikes in the food industry; another anti-labor labor-relations bill.

New York: McNaboe bill barring from public office all those whom McNaboe can define as Communists; a bill legalizing wiretapping; a bill prohibiting employment of aliens unless papers are in "good" order.

Oklahoma: Another bill outlawing almost all trade-union practices. *Oregon:* Anti-closed-shop bill (beaten in the House); a bill excluding aliens from the professions (passed by Senate). *Washington:* "Little Dies committee"; anti-miscegenation. *Wisconsin:* No picketing except when court rules that a "strike exists"; bill to license labor organizers; bill to cancel present progressive labor laws.

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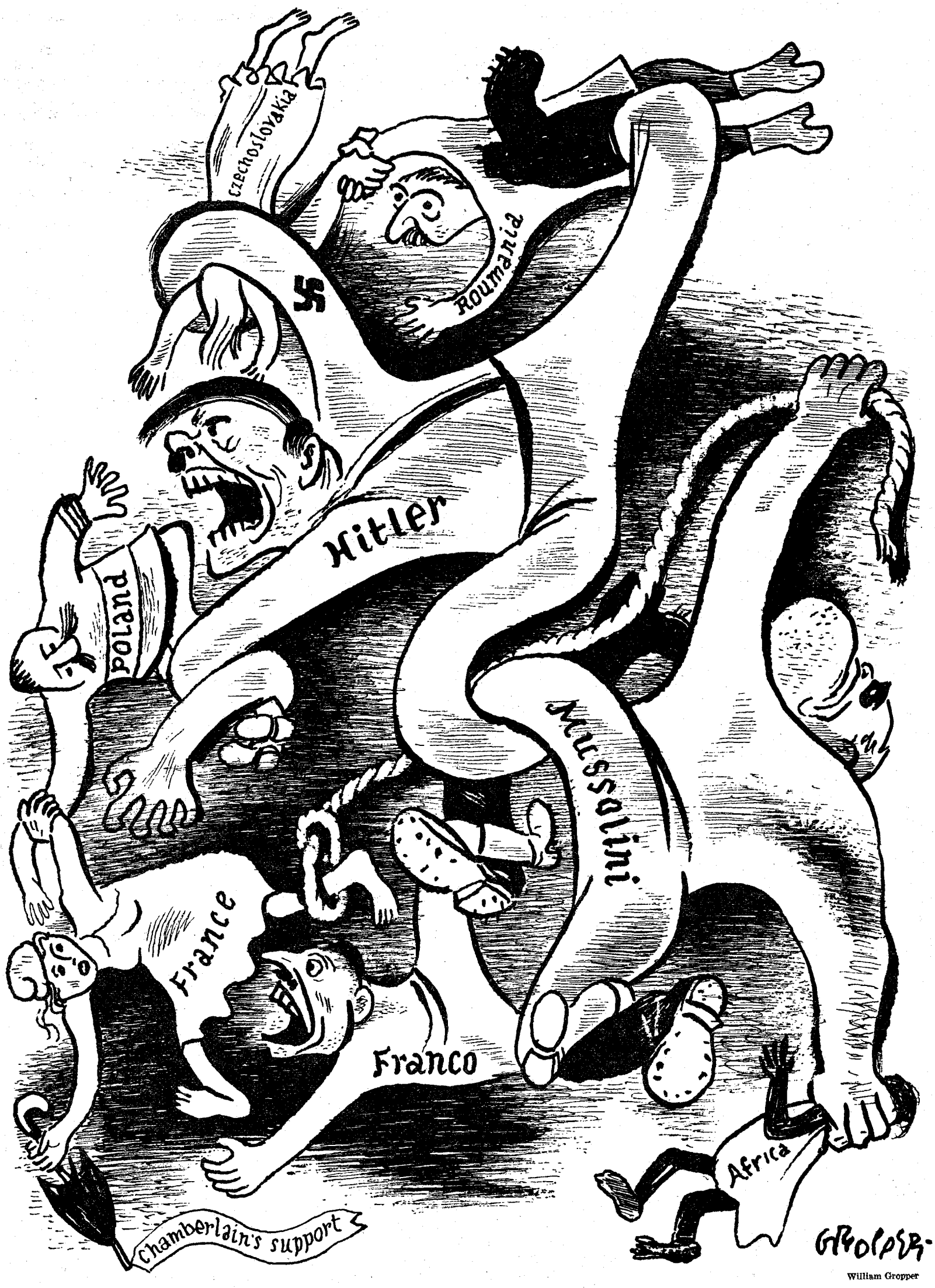

William Gropper

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Pussyfooting towards Peace

The Washington hearings on neutrality, democratic aid, and other aspects of our foreign policy begin. Thomas' compromise the best measure this side of neutrality repeal.

Washington.

THE discussions taking place in a small, green-tabled conference room in the northeast corner of the Capitol during the next few weeks may decide the fateful question of war or peace for the world. For in that little room, headquarters for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, America is reshaping her foreign policy.

For two weeks of open hearings the room will be the national and international sounding board for every phase of political opinion. For two weeks isolationists, semi-isolationists, and advocates of collective action will seek to mold America's policy in their own image. And in that brief period, the committee will become more than ever the focal point of struggle between those who would enlist the full moral, political, and economic power of the United States to help put an end to "international lawlessness," and those who would surrender the world to intimidating banditti and seek ostrich safety by immersing their heads in the cool waters of the Atlantic or the Pacific.

ADMINISTRATION TACTICS

It may be pointed out at the outset that, if present tactics are any indication, the administration is underestimating the sentiment of the country, for it is seeking to do by circumlocution what might more easily be achieved directly. There is little doubt that the underestimation is deliberate, or that the restraining hand of caution comes from the State Department. Roosevelt has never been one to shirk a battle, win or lose, when he is convinced that the needs of the country demand it; but the State Department, dealing daily with the intangibles of international esteem, is known to fear that the bold attack, while probably achieving its objectives, would reveal to the world a United States Congress deeply riven into warring factions. Such a spectacle of dissension, they anticipate, would not strengthen our prestige abroad at a moment when prestige is all-important.

The activities of the Nye-Clark-Vandenberg isolationist bloc have lent some substance to the desire for caution, for already these reactionaries have taken sizable steps to make the present neutrality laws even more mandatory. Nye's bill, introduced early this session, to forbid the sale of munitions or implements of war to any nation except such of our South American neighbors who may be actually attacked by other-hemisphere aggressors was but the first of their moves. A second, more dangerous step has been their sponsorship of a revised form of the Ludlow amendment, requiring a nationwide referendum before the declaration of war unless the United States or its possessions are first invaded—a step more dangerous because more demagogic, and aimed to hamstring national defense under the guise of democracy.

THE ISOLATIONIST BUND

But the bloc has taken even more aggressive measures, for Clark in recent days has announced with considerable braggadocio the formation of a corps of twenty isolationists, determined, if possible, to filibuster neutrality revision to death, and, failing that, to delay as long as possible any proposal designed to give the President greater discretionary powers in foreign affairs.

To meet the challenge of the reactionaries, the administration has built a solid approach to the problem of revising the Neutrality Act by first tendering to Congress the Naval Air-and-Submarine Base Bill and the $358,000,000 National Defense Bill. The overwhelming majorities with which the measures roared through both houses gave the President a strong hand over his isolationist, small-armament oppositionists.

But that still was not enough for the wary State Department. Circumspect legal minds, in a move designed to minimize the opposition by splitting it into factions, next divided the controversial neutrality issue into three parts, each to be introduced as a separate bill. As a result came Sen. Key Pittman's opening wedge—a proposal to bring about military cooperation with South America. That measure, upon which Senate Foreign Relations Committe hearings have already been completed, would empower the President to open our government facilities to the South American republics to permit the wholesale purchase of warships and defensive naval and land armaments, as well as authorizing the interchange of defense plans.

MORE PUSSYFOOTING

The next cautious step, and here the administration begins to move with unnecessary circumspection and some confusion, was then to further divide the policy of neutrality into two sub-sections: the purely mechanical function, whereby our shores are either opened, to greater or lesser extent, to foreign purchase, or are completely closed to it; and the juridical function, whereby the President is either granted or denied the power to designate aggressors and to invoke a national policy of discrimination between them and their victims. A second Pittman measure, embodying the first principle, would change our present policy of selling "nothing to no one" during hostilities into a theoretical policy of selling "anything to anyone" on a cash-and-carry basis. Again, as a tactical move, such a proposal would align behind it such potential members of the opposition as "blood-and-thunder" Hiram Johnson of California, who would defend to the death (of others) America's imperialist right to trade where she will, but who would also fight to the death any such extension of the President's power as would be embodied in outright repeal of the Neutrality Act.

PITTMAN BILL DEFICIENCIES

While representing a slight step forward as far as the European situation is concerned, the Pittman bill falls so far short on at least two major counts that it almost automatically places itself on the "unacceptable" list of collective security advocates.

Pittman has stressed, however, that his measure is by no means exclusive of other proposals designed to increase the emergency powers of the President, and intimates that he may himself introduce such legislation. Therein lies the third and final step in the fight against the Neutrality Act.

But there is no need to wait for Pittman, for certain proposals already lie before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee having that end in view. Senator King's, calling for complete repeal of the act, will probably, during these next few weeks, be disregarded in view of the administration's present plan of attack. But the compromise measure of Sen. Elbert Thomas of Utah, authorizing the President, with the approval of Congress, to designate as an aggressor any nation engaged in war in violation of any treaty to which the United States is signatory, would greatly extend the Chief Executive's authority. Further, it fits snugly into the present administration procedure of securing the greatest possible advantage with the least possible resistance, for it circumvents the opposition of those who protest against placing "dictatorial" power in the hands of the President, by requiring the approval of a majority of both houses before any designation of aggressors can be made, or subsequent retaliatory action taken.

Behind this measure congressional advocates of collective security are rallying. Behind it also, the collective security advocates of the country can rally. The extent to which they do so in these next two weeks of Senate hearings will determine whether the administration will follow its present circumlocutionous course, or will strike directly for stronger measures. In a world that grows more threatening every day, that sees new aggression with every turn of the clock, strong, prompt action aimed directly at the violators of peace is more than merely important—it is imperative. On such action depends America's own security.

PAUL G. MCMANUS.

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From Art Young's Notebook

The old political artist with the ever young mind puts down a few thoughts that have occurred to him from time to time.

I DO NOT expect wisdom to prevail in every critical situation that confronts a human being, however intelligent he is supposed to be. I do not expect it of my surroundings, everyday friends, or of those who sit in the high places of government. I do not expect it of the "intellectual" any more than the "non-intellectual."

All I expect and hope for, among the eminent and the lowly, is that the individual's general direction (after counting out his wrongs and mistakes) is making toward a sum total of good.

WHAT THE REACTIONARY SAID

"The burden of proof is on those who advocate change," said Elihu Root. Is not that a typical thought of the reactionary statesman? Let things alone—don't change—as if all of the best in the progress of mankind had not been achieved by the advocates of change; as if every historic character in the growth of governments had not been inspired by the wisdom of change. The tory-minded, like Root, always obstruct and jeer at "untried theories." The advocates of change certainly bear the burden until it is proved that they are right. *But*—what smug complacency and timidity it takes to be a tory!

ORIGINALITY

I know that nothing under the sun is all original and yet I believe in my originality.

When I first began to depict comic scenes in hell, I knew it was a subject that was different from the usual run of illustrated comic writing and, in that sense, was original.

But—many years after I had begun to make these burlesque hell pictures, I found in a volume of *Punch* of the 1840's that a writer in that journal had contributed satirical stories (also illustrated) of the characters in the Hades of the ancient Greeks.

Still I felt that my work could be stamped as original, although someone long before had a similar idea.

When I drew political cartoons I tried to avoid doing the same old ideas that cartoonists pulled out of their files to fit certain situations, like the politician "marooned" and neglected in the political sea, and other typical and stereotyped ideas. There was a period when the American newspapers printed many cartoons picturing Rodin's *Thinker* as appropriate to some public official or a community that was pondering a weighty issue. I never made one of them. And yet I cannot say that all of my cartoons have showed no evidence of borrowed hints. But I think most of my work could be called original in the general use of that term.

When I drew my series of *Trees at Night* I knew that Dore, Arthur Rackham, and others had drawn pictures of twisted trees that resembled human beings, as others had done before them—but no one had carried the idea along and done the subject with the variation that I tried to express in tree forms. Therefore, I felt that I had discovered something that was quite like originality.

When I wrote the diary *On My Way,* illustrating with pen or pencil drawing any subject that came to mind, I felt I was at least different, if not original. Anyway, I had never seen such a book.

But experience proved that those in authority of publishing institutions were seldom impressed by that which was new or even a little different. Of course, they would tell us they wanted "something new" and were "looking for originality," but generally speaking they would accept nothing but the trite.

THE CHILD ARTIST

A child artist has his own idea of what a tree looks like. When he draws a picture of one, it is emblematic of the way all trees look to him. The same when he draws a man or a woman or a domestic animal. He has a pattern.

As the young artist grows older he learns that there are many different kinds of trees, as well as millions of human beings and animals, and each one different. He can no longer use his pattern, having learned that some things have to be specific and have identity. As an observer of nature and its infinite variety of form, he now knows better than to paint a cow that looks as much like a horse, or a birch tree that looks like an oak. But he cannot forget the impression of his first seeing, when a tree was just a tree, with trunk, branches, and leaves, and man was just a two-legged man, and four-legged animals of all species were constructed somewhat similarly.

Therefore, if he is a true artist, he will get something of this youthful symbolism into his mature work regardless of his knowledge of the variegated scene.

ARTIST'S INFLUENCE

In the early and middle decades of the nineteenth century the few American artists who essayed caricature were influenced by Rowlandson, Gillray, Leech, and Cruikshank, also by the French prints done by Callot, Dore, Daumier, Gavarni, and others. Coming down to later years, the cartoons of Joseph Keppler, founder of the first prosperous cartoon publication in America *(Puck),* showed mostly the influence of the Spanish magazine *Laflaca* (Barcelona, 1869 to 1871). This satirical weekly, printed in daring color by lithography, was evidently the model for *Puck.*

While working for Chicago newspapers I made an effort to familiarize myself with the historic and the contemporary cartoonists and draftsmen of Europe. I grew particularly interested in Steinlen of *Gil Blas,* also the books of Wilhelm Busch, and the *Jugend* artists. Then there were Fred Barnard, Charles Keene, and others whose work appeared in English publications, and I wanted to measure up in some degree to the best that was in England and other countries, while holding fast to my native inborn idea of the American scene.

CARTOONS THAT NEVER HURT

I hope it will not be said of me that my cartoons never hurt. To be a caricaturist all one's life of the kind whose pictures "never hurt" is my idea of futility. It should not be the function of a political caricaturist just to be funny. The operation sometimes calls for cruelty. But to produce a cartoon that is nothing but an insulting burlesque of a public man is not my idea of a forceful cartoon. However, it often happens that a public man serves as a symbol of wrong because of his record and as such he should be a cartoonist's subject, not to be attacked as a man so much as the idea for which he stands.

When one feels that everybody, even the most predatory of capitalists, is also a victim of his own system, one's steel is in danger of not being ground sharp enough for effective attack. But not to hurt with an idea and the manner of expressing it proves that the cartoonist is nothing but a court jester whom the money monarchs like to have around, and when he dies they will say "he never hurt."

SOME EPIGRAMS

A conviction founded on bitter experience is often overthrown by a passing mood. We forget the sorrow that taught us our truth, and fall right into the same kind of sorrow again.

It is easier to bear the loss of something you need than to have something you don't need but can't lose.

The unhappy mortal is the one who has not all the freedom his nature wants him to have. He starts to soar and then in a little time is jerked suddenly back by the thought of conventional duty. He's like the pigeon that a hunter tosses into the air to attract other pigeons and then yanks down by the string tied to its leg.

PREJUDICES

Step right up and hit the man you hate most. "I hate a Jew," says one. So he takes a throw at "the kike." "I hate an Irishman," says another, and he drives at "the mick." Another hates an Englishman, another a Ger-

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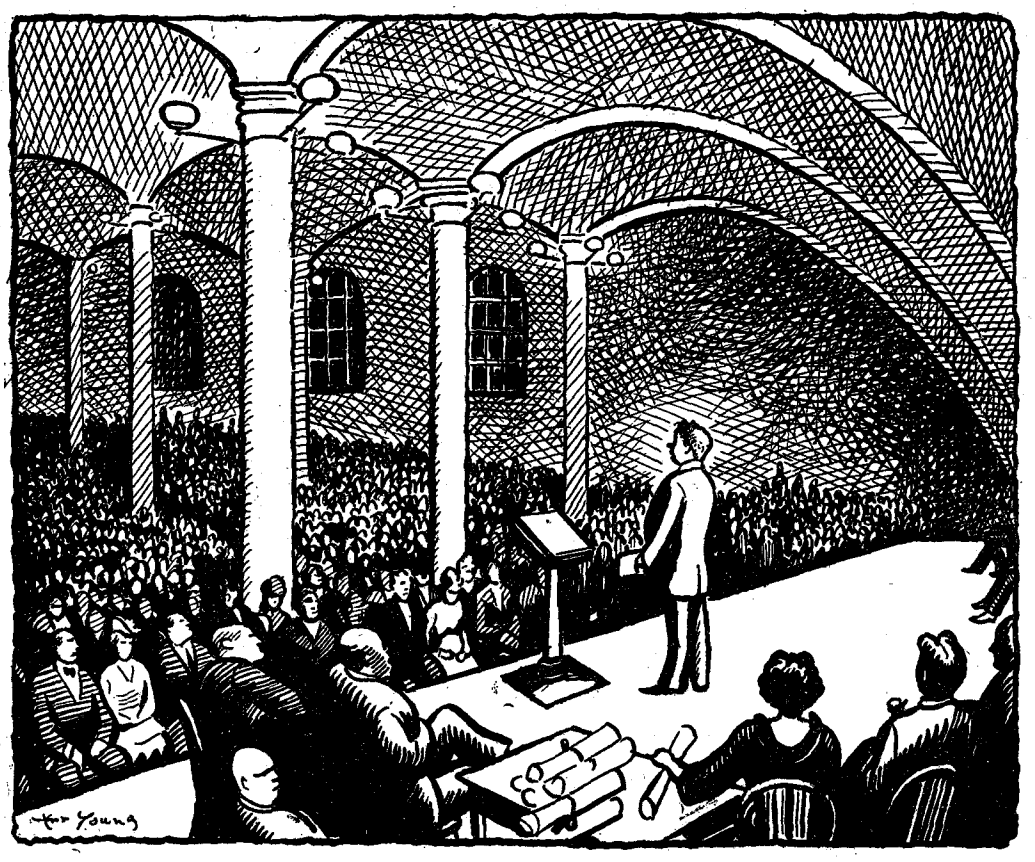
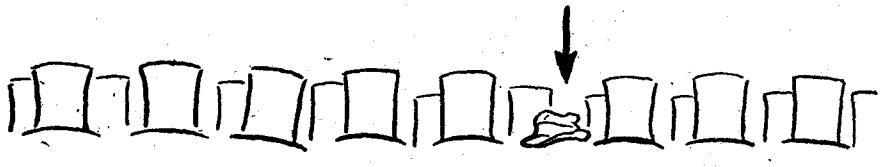
"Always whistling." Art Young's arrival in New York.



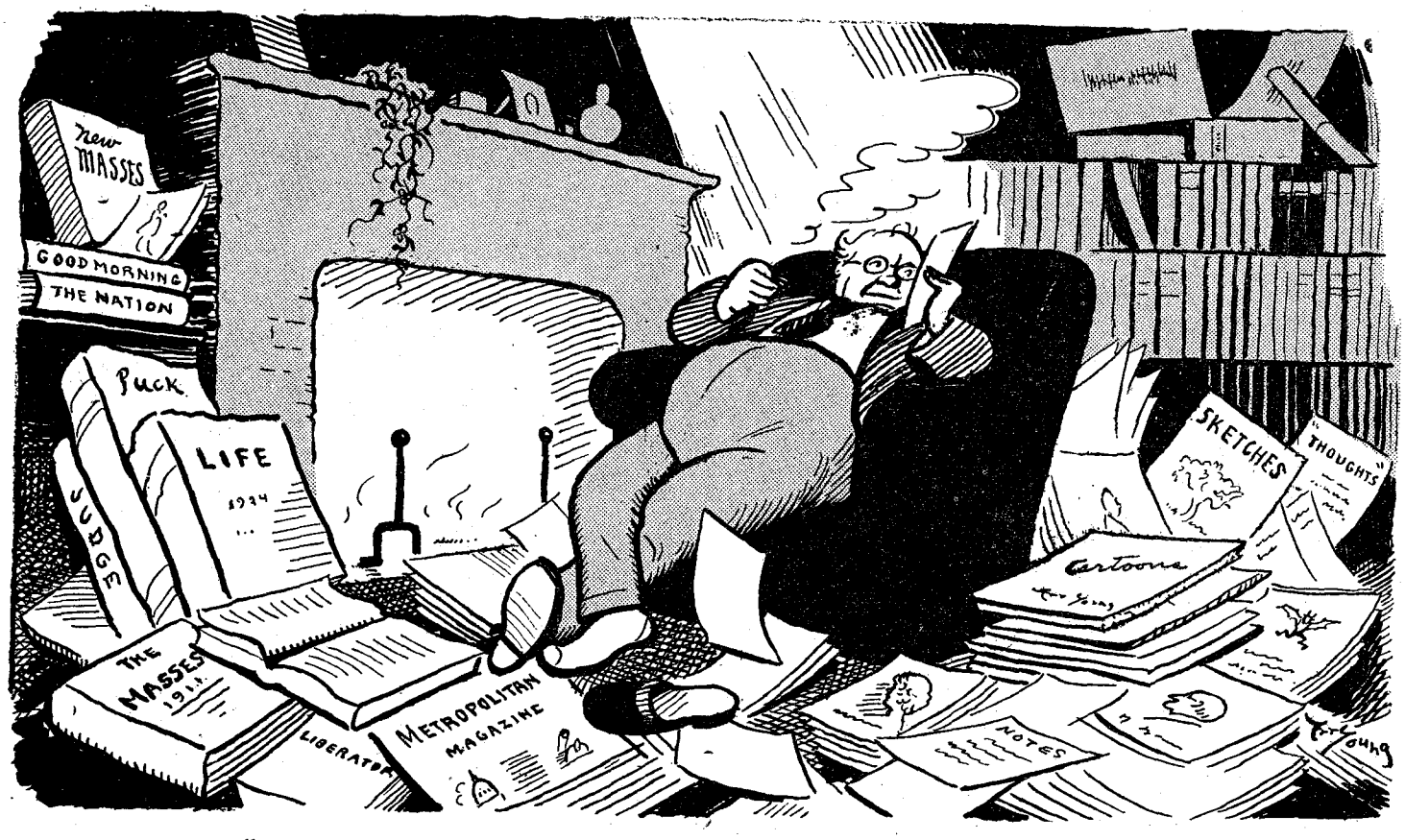
"I rise to the occasion." Graduation at Cooper Union in 1906 where Art studied oratory to debate better with editors.



"Among the high-silks." Art Young's comment on his attendance at the funeral of his friend Arthur Brisbane.

Art Young

THESE pages from Art Young's family album will cheer his many friends who have seen his current show at the ACA Gallery in New York City and who await his forthcoming autobiography.



"Rounding up the memories." The living-room of his famous cottage at Bethel, Conn.

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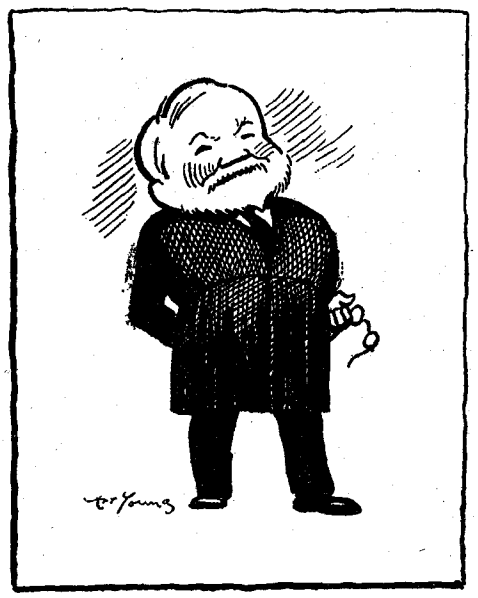
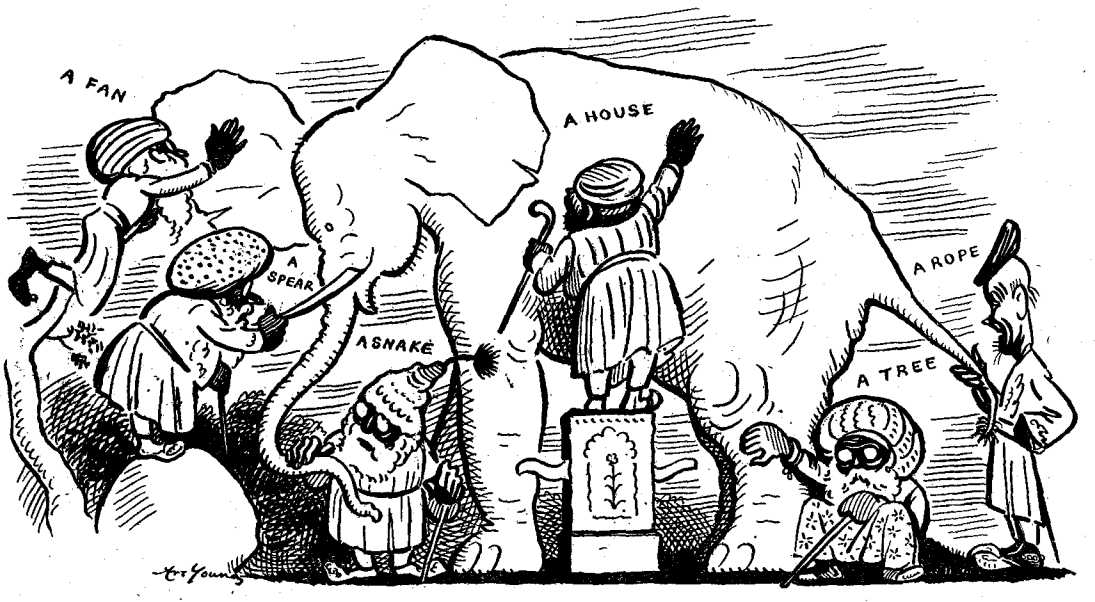
"Poisoned at the Source." The drawing which resulted in the indictment of Art Young and the Masses editors for libel.



"Andrew Carnegie." A caricature.



The story of the blind men and the elephant had and still has contemporary meaning.

Poverty and Talent.

"It is difficult to rise if your poverty is greater than your talent."—JUVENAL.

Greatness.

"The great are only great because we carry them on our shoulders; when we throw them off they sprawl upon the ground."—MONTANDRE.

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man or a Japanese; so the devil in human nature spends itself in this way until wisdom touches the human mind and says, "Now calm yourself and wipe the froth from your mouth!"

Then one begins to think, and finally learns this truth: that race hatred is one of the lowest and meanest of human passions.

Until we learn to judge every individual on his own peculiar merits, we haven't taken a first good step toward social intelligence.

GENIUS AND POVERTY

There is no bigger lie hurled at discouraged artists by the smug critics than: "Genius will always find its way through the direst poverty."

Of course, it has been done, but at what cost to the genius no one else can know.

Poverty is stifling, and having too much money can also be stifling, but most paralyzing to the creative faculties is poverty. If it ever acts as an incentive, it is more often destructive.

ART YOUNG.

The Big Ditch

The Panama Canal's destruction is being surveyed right now.

THE Panama Canal, America's lifeline, is being surrounded by the four-power axis and measured for attack from Colombia, hopping-off place for Japanese and German attackers.

Alvare Sanclemente, editor of *Tierra,* an influential Colombian newspaper, points out that huge Japanese rice plantations are spread over the landscape of the Corinto district only 440 miles from the Panama Canal. These unusual "plantations" have been laid out for one-two conversion into military airfields.

Solano and Ensenada Bays, respectively 115 and 270 miles from the Pacific end of the canal, are regularly "visited" by Japanese submarines.

Half the shipping on the Magdalena River is owned by Germans, as well as the airport near its mouth in Baranquilla.

General Amadeo Rodriguez, retired chief of the conservatives, has openly announced that his party would like to seize control with the aid of a foreign power or powers.

Virginio Gayda was right when he proclaimed that the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo-Burgos axis frontier was on the Panama Canal. He didn't mention that that frontier was already manned and fortified for attack.

The New Catholicism

"HITHERTO Catholicism owed its victories to St. Paul, St. Augustine, St. Thomas, Charles V, or St. Ignatius; today, it owes them to Benito Mussolini."—*From "The New Catholicism" by Giminez Caballero, leader of the Spanish Falange, main supporter of General Franco.*

A New Word for Treason

Litvinov explodes the euphemism of "political realism." American revolutionary slogans vs. today's European betrayals.

IN HIS stinging protest to Berlin on the rape of Czechoslovakia, Litvinov has rendered an important service to the democratic world by redefining a word which is rapidly being robbed of all its significance by our foreign correspondents.

A new euphemism for betraying your country has been coined by these correspondents. It is "political realism." When the Syrovy government secretly capitulated at Munich, after leading the mobilized Czech masses to believe that the republic was going to fight to the last behind its only defensible frontier, the foreign correspondents insulted the stunned nation by praising it for its "political realism" in surrendering to superior force. Yet millions of Czechoslovaks, as well as millions throughout the world, must have wondered whether any government has the moral or constitutional right to order its people to commit national suicide, even in the name of "political realism."

The odds may have been desperate after the Chamberlain-Daladier sellout. But since when is patriotism a stock that one invests in only on a safe margin? The odds against the unarmed Ethiopian tribesmen facing Italian planes and tanks were even greater, yet Haille Selassie did not consider this a reason for capitulating without resistance. The odds were against the loyalists throughout the war, yet they continued the struggle against fascist intervention for almost three years. The odds may have been against China when the war started on the Marco Polo Bridge, but millions of Chinese have been willing to risk their lives on the gamble of defending their country's existence.

But the most infamous use of the euphemism was during the black days when the Hacha and Tiso governments consummated the capitulation of Munich by inviting the Nazi army to march into Praha and Bratislava, and the Gestapo became the "protector" of Czechoslovakia. In the Japanese-controlled areas of China, such acts of national treachery are sternly rewarded by patriotic Chinese, but the foreign correspondents had the gall to condone the Benedict Arnolds of Czechoslovakia as "political realists," and heaped salt upon the wounds of the betrayed people by praising them for their "stoicism" in the face of disaster.

WE MUST BE ALERT

We Americans must be alert to this euphemism for treason. As yet, only Austrians, Czechoslovaks, and Spaniards are receiving the benefit of it—but there is no telling when this convenient dispensation will be at the service of our domestic Hachas, Tisos, and Casados. We have been brought up in school on such "unrealistic" mottoes as Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death"; Nathan Hale's "I regret I have but one life to give for my country"; Pinckney's "Millions for defense but not a cent for tribute"; dying Captain Lawrence's "Don't give up the ship." The trouble with such mottoes is that they are dangerously like the motto of that Red firebrand La Pasionaria: "It is better to die on your feet than to live forever on your knees." Perhaps we will have to revaluate these obsolete catchwords in the light of the new political morality which is being preached by our foreign correspondents. For 150 years we have been taught to revere and emulate them. Now we know better. They were the ravings of people who suffered from a deficiency of "political realism." If Washington had not lacked "political realism," he would have surrendered at Valley Forge and saved a lot of bloodshed. If Madison had possessed some of this useful secretion, he would have capitulated when the British burned the Capitol at Washington. If Lincoln had been a "political realist," the Civil War would have ended at Bull Run.

In this matter as in many others, it has taken the Soviet Union to clear the air. In denouncing the action of the Hacha government as well as that of Hitler, Litvinov lays down the following principle: "The Soviet government is not aware of any constitution of a state which entitles the head of a state to abolish the independent existence of the state without the consent of its people." It is symptomatic of the degeneration of bourgeois political morality, that this political truism, of which Litvinov has had to remind the world, sounds at the moment like a revolutionary thesis.

ALTER BRODY.

Those Who See the Right

"THE Truth About La Pasionaria" might be the title of an article by M. Escola in a recent issue of the Parisian Catholic paper *L'Aube*. Says M. Escola of the famous Spanish Communist leader:

I have seen this terrible Pasionaria, this "ghoul" of whom tales of inhuman ferocity are told. I have seen her—a pale and smiling woman; her graying black hair was drawn away from a bronzed face; a burning fire was in her eyes. She spoke to one hundred men at a reception at Claridge's. Nearly all were hostile, but in spite of this were drawn by a strange magnetism of this pale face.

When they presented her with flowers she laughingly declared, "I am not a film star." She has known the horrors of prison, has been condemned to death, has risked her life in uprisings. And yet when one looks at her face, one sees nothing but a strange smile, the smile of those who see the right before them.

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Portrait of a Joint Council

The United Office and Professional Workers of America celebrate the first anniversary of the New York Joint Council. Cultural, sports, and organizing activities make the union grow.

IF SOMEONE told you that the pretty blonde cashier in your favorite restaurant spends her holidays in Washington lobbying for her union; that the blue-ribbon insurance agent who befriended you the day you turned twenty-one and finally sold you a policy is concerning himself with getting murals put in the subways; that the stern looking social worker who knows all about the sparetime activities of underprivileged boys spent Saturday afternoon picketing in front of Lord & Taylor in the current Advertising Guild dispute; that artists, stenographers, editors, shipping clerks, bank tellers, actuaries, psychologists, and publicity men sit around the same table on the third Thursday of every month to discuss common problems and to act upon them—you'd say the labor movement among professionals was close to its goal.

Well, these things are true. The above is a picture of the New York Joint Council of the United Office and Professional Workers of America, a CIO affiliate with eighty-four locals throughout the country and a total membership of fifty thousand.

Representing seven locals and sixteen thousand workers in New York City, this council brings together in one union for the first time in the history of the labor movement the greatest imaginable assortment of people from the point of view of occupations, interests, economic advantages, education, and abilities. It coordinates their work and gives direction to their activities.

THE DRAMA OF ORGANIZATION

The story of how artists, office workers, insurance agents, social workers, publishing and financial employees come together to solve their individual and common problems is dramatic. In order to appreciate the drama involved, one has to sit in on a Joint Council meeting. The delegates are assembled—three from each local. It is hard to hear what is going on. The Health Committee is meeting outside in a room separated only by thin partitions; four typewriters are going in the outer office where Advertising Guild members are writing press releases and leaflets about their first struggle. The council's newest baby, the insurance office workers' group, is cutting its teeth in the third adjoining office. But the council operates best under such conditions. It thrives on emergencies; and when its staff is looking most distraught you can be sure that the council is having one of its best days.

But let's get back to the meeting. The first point on the agenda is a report from each of the locals on activities during the past month. The man near the window who is talking now is an industrial insurance agent. He hasn't much to say tonight except that hearings in the Metropolitan Life case are still going on before the State Labor Relations Board, that firings have stopped for the time being, and that things look hopeful.

"But that doesn't mean you can forget us," he warns the delegates. "Keep on sending delegations from your locals to protest to the Met president. We can't relax yet."

Joe speaks next. He's an accountant from Local 16 (Office Workers). He reports that UOPWA members like sports and that the newly organized basketball team has involved a number of enthusiastic members. But more specifically he's plugging the inter-union tournament to be held next week. Joe is a many-sided fellow. He works on a ledger from eight-thirty to six every day, and from seven to nine several nights a week you'll find him at the council, poring over the files of the Legislative Committee. After nine every night he studies for a certified-public-accountant exam which he is taking soon. Tonight he proposes that a resolution be drawn up opposing amendment of the Wagner act.

Jane reports for the Book and Magazine Guild. She is an editor in one of the stuffier publishing houses. But she is a real inspiration to the council. Her most recent concern is setting up a housing committee for the UOPWA, and she's beginning by taking a delegation of union members on a field trip to study housing conditions in various parts of the city.

Jack tells some interesting news about the Social Service Employees Union (Local 19). Membership is approaching seventeen hundred, and there is talk about adding another organizer to the staff.

Florence brings a plea from the United American Artists (Local 60) for a protest against the dropping of WPA Arts Projects and for support of the proposal to restore the $150,000,000 slashed from the President's WPA appropriation figure. Here is real meat for the council. Resolutions are drafted to be endorsed by seven locals representing sixteen thousand white-collar employees for action on both of these issues. "Tell the members of your local about Danny Cohen," says Florence. "He's the fellow who got a pink slip on the Art Project, had a wife and a kid, and the prospect of unemployment drove him out of his mind. He killed himself several weeks ago." Protest! Protest! Is that all we can do? We'll form a solid picketline around the headquarters of the WPA. We won't stop protesting until a million people are assured of their jobs! The instructions were: letters, telegrams, visits to your congressmen.

Helen writes copy for a small advertising agency. She reports on the Gussow-Kahn situation, rather haltingly. She's tired. All the Advertising Guild members are tired. They have been meeting since five-thirty. They met every night this week. Tomorrow the picketline goes out. Send as many people as you can. Helen's copy is read daily by thousands of people, but the most thrilling piece of copy she ever wrote, she says, was the letter to clients which began, "Gussow-Kahn & Co. has been asked to appear before the National Labor Relations Board today. . . ." What can the council do to help the Advertising Guild in its first real struggle? Locals 16, 18, 19, 20, 30, 60, and FEOC—this is your struggle too—leaflets, pickets—spread the news—don't buy from Lord & Taylor or any other Gussow-Kahn client until the agency stops its crooked tactics!

Bill tells us that the Financial Employees Organizing Committee is fighting for Saturday holidays for banking and brokerage workers and the idea appeals to the unorganized in this field. "We hope you are planning to send a delegation to Washington when the bill on the extension of the Social Security Act comes up," he adds. "Banking employees, you know, are as much concerned about receiving the benefits of social security as are social workers." Bill is assured that a great deal is being done in the direction of the Social Security Act.

Now that we have heard from all the locals, we'll step out of the meeting and leave routine items for the delegates to ponder.

The council is only one year old. Yet here is an organization with a vigor and youthful enthusiasm that some of the veteran unions could well emulate. Here is an organization that can mobilize sixteen thousand workers behind an issue, whether it be a problem of the Office Workers, the largest local, or that of the Advertising Guild, the youngest and smallest local.

Let us look, for example, at some of the ways in which the council has coordinated the work of various groups in the last year.

WHAT HAPPENED AT ROMEIKE

There was the Romeike situation. Do you recall how the employees of this clipping-service bureau came to work one Monday morning last summer to discover that their office had disappeared from the face of the earth as completely as though a tornado had wiped it out? Remember also how a week later the repentant employers came lamely back, promising they would never run away again? Sixteen thousand people can make a

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Wide World

ADVERTISING GUILD PICKETS. *Organizing Gussow-Kahn, advertising agency, the guild met intimidation and firing by the employers with its "Picketline of Tomorrow."*

lot of noise, even about little things like runaway shops!

The insurance agents had their troubles too. Their rise to five thousand members in less than a year was phenomenal. Metropolitan attempted to impede their progress by a bit of dirty work. It refused to recognize the union as a bargaining agent and started a tremendous campaign, costing untold thousands of dollars, to destroy it. Dozens of union members lost their jobs. Others were intimidated and discrimination was rampant. The case went before the Labor Board, which recognized the union as the proper bargaining agency; but Metropolitan fought their decision and took the case to the Supreme Court and the Appellate Division, both of which upheld the union. The company, determined to fight the case, is taking it to still higher courts. At the same time further anti-union activities are being investigated by the Labor Board, and hearings have been going on for three months. How did the artists, social workers, editors, stenographers act on this situation? Every local union's organizing staff took up the problem. They wrote letters of protest. They went in delegations as policyholders to protest personally to Leroy Lincoln, president of Metropolitan. They urged all their friends in and out of unions, holders of Metropolitan policies, to do the same. They started a campaign urging policyholders to become acquainted with their rights as "owners" and "profit sharers" in a mutual company, the largest corporation in the world. They stimulated greater interest in the Senate investigation of insurance monopolies by editorializing it in their bulletins. A leaflet, *The Octopus,* illustrated by a Local 60 artist, described by a publicity man from Local 16, with layout and typography by a book designer from Local 18, brought to the public via sixteen thousand union members the whole illuminating account of the anti-labor activities of this mammoth organization. And they continue to hammer away at the problem of arousing to action a significant number of the 29,000,000 people holding Metropolitan Life Insurance policies.

Gussow-Kahn is an advertising agency employing thirty-nine people. When a majority of the employees were organized they requested an opportunity to bargain collectively with the employers for fair wage-and-hour standards, and were met with vigorous opposition. Four employees were fired and several intimidated into resigning from the union. It was a case for the Labor Board. The public was informed of this by a unique method of picketing. The "Picketline of Tomorrow" was formed, the participants being office workers, editors, artists, etc. The pickets paraded in front of the Fifth Avenue clients of Gussow-Kahn to bring pressure on the agency to cease anti-union activities. Press releases, leaflets, and explanatory letters to the businesses serviced by the agency are some of the methods used. At this writing, the outcome of the situation is not yet known. But whether the Advertising Guild wins or loses, it will have profited beyond measure by this experience, which has put into action methods of organization that hitherto, in the advertising field, have been little more than theory.

THE JOINT COUNCIL

In times of crisis the Joint Council can mobilize the members of the UOPWA in any of the locals. It has other equally important functions. Great strides have been made in developing an educational program for its members. Its fall schedule of classes was acclaimed the best yet provided by any union, and more than three hundred members attended. At fees far below those of any institution in the city, it brings to its members—and non-members too—courses in modern dance, art appreciation, playwriting, stenography, trade unionism, leadership, birth control and marriage, how to dress, and other subjects. Each local has craft classes. The council provides series of forums on timely subjects. Its Sports Committee brings "gym and swim" to some 250 more members.

Climaxing the activities of the year is the health program. The Joint Council installed the first health service plan of its kind, providing medical and dental care to union members and their families at about one-half the usual cost. This health program was formally initiated at a meeting at the New School for Social Research on February 3, and in a month about five hundred registration cards were filed. Doctors, dentists, and podiatrists are gladly cooperating in this important experiment. Hundreds of letters pour into the office weekly from doctors interested in joining the panel and from organizations of all types wishing to study the plan with a view to adopting it for their members.

It hasn't all been smooth sailing, however. The council suffers from ailments common to all understaffed organizations. Its delegates are new to the labor movement and few of them are leaders yet.

The locals, especially the smaller ones, are often buried under their own pressing tasks and need constantly to be spurred to act on a common front. But gradually they are lifting their noses from the grind and are concerning themselves with the whole picture, increasingly aware of the need for unity.

This month the Joint Council brings to a close the first year of its operation. Undertaken as an experiment, it has now won a permanent place for itself in the white-collar movement. The task ahead—the unionization of 600,000 white-collar workers—can be accomplished only through consolidation of forces already organized. And the Joint Council is the vehicle for such unity.

EVE HARRISON.

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Heil, Governor Heil!

Wisconsin's new fuhrer, Julius P. Heil, shows just what he means by "non-interference" in business.

LIFE is just a jolly circus in the great state of Wisconsin since the election of Republican Gov. Julius P. Heil, manufacturer and wag. His excellency, who closely resembles the late John Bunny, speaks with happy candor of the state, himself, and business, as though they were a single individual. "What I am trying to create in the next two years is less interference with private industry so they can give men and women a job. We are interfered with too much," he says. "In my business we can't call our soul our own. I want industry to get back home where they were many years ago when father and mother used to run the business."

In hearings involving budget requests from the State University and the State Board of Health, Governor Heil has been especially witty and statesmanlike. In the health hearing the following exchange occurred between a health official and the governor, as reported in the *Capitol Times* of Madison, Wis.:

"Today the average length of life has reached fifty-seven years where it had been forty-one years many years ago," Harper said.

"We are both overdue then," Heil, who is sixty-two years old, said.

"I think we'll get along," Harper replied.

Harper said that the old people died off during hot spells in the summer because of their hearts, and Heil interjected, "I'll have to stay in the shade next summer."

Throughout the hearing Heil had his audience laughing with his wisecracks. At one time, when Harper was telling about how the department had to inspect milk to see that it was clean, Heil said, "Well, the milk ought to be clean now, it is carried in Heil containers."

Harper explained that because of federal government funds, he had added about ninety men to his staff, paid from federal social security funds.

"What are we going to do with these men and their families when the federal government withdraws its money?" Heil asked. "Are you going to come and ask that the state pay their salaries?"

"No, sir," Harper replied. "They all realize that if federal aid is withdrawn they will be out of jobs."

Heil wanted to know why Wisconsin had to use the federal government money and Harper replied that if Wisconsin didn't some other state would.

"Wouldn't it be nice for Washington to be told there was one state in the union which believed in economy and didn't believe in spending all this money?" Heil said.

As Harper explained how the Board of Health took care of the health of the citizens of the state, Heil interrupted. "If the state does all this work what are the young men who go to medical school going to do when they graduate?" he asked.

Heil then interrupted the hearing while he told about playing "smear," a card game, with some doctors and how they drank beer. He said doctors didn't take care of themselves. Harper agreed with him and continued his plea for more funds.

Heil again interrupted him. "Do you use a hard pencil or a soft pencil, doctor?" he asked.

"I use a medium one," Harper replied, suspecting what was coming.

"You had better sharpen it up. I must submit the budget to the good boys of the Senate and Assembly. They control my destiny. This is going to be just one happy family and I don't want to veto anything they do," Heil declared.

"I want everyone in the state service, no matter who it is, to do a good day's work. If they don't I'm going to spank the bad boys. Just because it is state money and we can levy taxes and mother and father must work themselves round-shouldered to raise the money—I'm fed up with that."

Mischa Richter

Economy Over America

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James Connolly, Easter Week Hero

The man who saw the class struggle within the Catholic Church clearly and who pointed out socialism as the only salvation for his people.

WHEN Congress convened this January, it appeared that the long and persistent fight of liberals and radicals to induce it to raise the embargo on loyalist Spain was finally to be crowned with victory. A few weeks after Congress met, some members of the Catholic hierarchy and the radio priest, Father Coughlin, swung into action. Many priests throughout the country and Father Coughlin over the radio urged their listeners to write to their congressmen not to lift the embargo.

Though the conflict between progress and reaction exists within the hierarchy itself, many prelates have been:

> . . . ever counseling humility, but sitting in the seats of the mighty; ever patching up the diseased and broken wrecks of an unjust social system, but blessing the system which made the wrecks and spread the disease; ever running divine discontent and pity into the ground as the lightning rod runs and dissipates lightning, instead of gathering it and directing it for social righteousness as the electric battery generates and directs electricity for social use.

Too often have reactionary churchmen:

> . . . forgotten or ignored the fact that the laity are a part of the church, and that therefore the right of rebellion against injustice, so freely claimed by the papacy and the hierarchy, is also the inalienable right of the laity. And history proves that in almost every case in which the political or social aspirations of the laity came into opposition to the will of the clergy the laity represented the best interests of the church as a whole and of mankind in general. Whenever the clergy succeeded in conquering political power in any country the result has been disastrous to the interests of religion and inimical to the progress of humanity. From whence we arrive at the conclusion that he serves religion best who insists upon the clergy of the Catholic Church taking their proper position as servants of the laity, and abandoning their attempt to dominate the public, as they have long dominated the private life of their fellow Catholics.

These are the words of an Irish Catholic who died in the faith and who was the driving force in the Easter Rebellion to which Ireland owes its present status as an independent—albeit partitioned—republic. They are the words of James Connolly, apostle of industrial unionism and member of that left-wing Socialist group from which developed the Communist Party of today. The situation today endows his religious attitudes with more than academic importance. In this treatment of them, I have included some general biographical material, but it must be understood that this is in no way a balanced biography. Connolly disliked religious discussions, avoided them as much as possible, and would have shuddered at seeing his religious beliefs described at disproportionate length.

HIS EARLY YEARS

James Connolly was born June 5, 1870, and lived near Clones, Ulster, and then in Edinburgh until he was eighteen. Though under legal age, he worked as a printer's devil on a local newspaper, then in a bakery, and finally in a mosaic tiling factory. At the age of eighteen he left Edinburgh and roved through various parts of Britain as a tramp, common laborer, and peddler. He married at the age of twenty-one, and was soon blessed with numerous progeny. Of his family life his daughter Norah, who attended convent school and church in the natural fashion of any Catholic child, has given a good account. Poverty was ever present but there was always laughter as well as anxiety in the air. Her story amply proves that few families have lived "in an atmosphere richer in human kindness than did the family of this 'dangerous agitator.'"

Connolly, as a child, assimilated from an old Fenian uncle a fervent nationalism which soon became an integral part of the Socialism he adopted as a youth. He became an able and persuasive speaker, and ran, unsuccessfully, as Socialist candidate for St. Giles Ward, in Edinburgh. To do this, he was compelled to resign his menial job with the city, and, after a brief venture as shoemaker, he emigrated with his family to Dublin where he founded the Irish Socialist Republican Party. Here, for the first time in the modern era, a man raised his voice to demand complete freedom for Ireland, on the ground that "We are Republicans because we are Socialists."

In 1903 Connolly went to the United States, where he joined Daniel De Leon's Socialist Labor Party and was later elected a member of its National Executive. Eventually Connolly and De Leon quarreled bitterly over the merits of an article by Connolly entitled "Wages, Marriage, and the Church," published in the organ of the Socialist Labor Party, the *Weekly People*. Connolly objected to the publication by the party of Bebel's book, *Woman,* as incapable of doing any valuable propagandist work, argued in favor of monogamy, and rejected "every attempt, no matter by whom made, to identify Socialism with anything of marriage or sexual relations." Besides religion and marriage, another root cause of the controversy—for De Leon did not advocate free love—was, of course, De Leon's dictatorial temperament. Before Connolly left the party in April 1908, he was denounced as "an agent of the Jesuits!"

He immediately joined the American Socialist Party and toured the United States as one of its organizers. He also organized for the IWW, the industrial union of the period, founded the Irish Socialist Federation, and edited its organ, the *Harp*. The Irish Socialist Federation was "organized against every party recognizing British rule in Ireland in any form or manner, in all its moods and modifications, and, as the final solution of the Irish, as of every other struggle for freedom, it seeks the Workers Republic. . . . It affirms its belief that political and social freedom are not two separate and unrelated ideas, but are the two sides of the one great principle, each being incomplete without the other." The *Harp* stated, "We propose to show all members of our fighting race that Socialism will make them better fighters, without being less Irish." It was this emphasis on Irish problems that made De Leon label Connolly as a Socialist "with a curious nationalist kink in him." Lenin, no doubt, would have put it differently.

In the *Harp,* Connolly attacked the anti-religious propagandists who infested the American Socialist movement of the time as "scribblers who disgrace the Socialist ranks with their dogmatisms," "crudely superficial thinkers," and "free-thinking fanatics who regarded priestcraft as the origin of religion." He declared that he could always be relied upon "to borrow a pair of hobnailed boots to dance on these blatant and perfervid free-thinkers." His attacks on these fanatics were so fierce that his friends said he used a steam-hammer to crack nuts.

SOCIALISM AND RELIGION

His condemnation of clerical domination in secular affairs was equally decided:

> Socialism is an industrial and political question . . . and is not going to be settled at the altar. The education which fits the man for the altar does not give him any mastery over economic knowledge. The priest . . . could learn a lot about modern industry from the Irish laborer whose childhood, manhood, and old age are spent toiling in workshop, mine, and factory for a starvation wage.

In the summer of 1910, after spending seven years in the United States, which had enriched both his general understanding and his knowledge of industrial unionism in particular, Connolly returned to Dublin to become organizer for the Socialist Party of Ireland (Cummannacht na h-Eireann), and, in 1911, Ulster organizer for the Irish Transport Workers Union. One of his first tasks was to reply to a series of Lenten Discourses against Socialism delivered in 1910 by Father Kane, S. J., in Dublin. In a pamphlet, *Labour, Nationality,*

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and Religion, he not only defended Socialism against the misinterpretations of the Jesuit, but, from his rich storehouse of Irish historical knowledge, drew many instances in which the Catholic laity had been compelled to take political action contrary to the wishes of a backward hierarchy, actions fully justified by subsequent events. The Irish fight for freedom is studded with such instances. Only eight years after the first Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland, at a Synod of the Catholic Church held at Dublin in 1177, the Pope's legate "set forth Henry's right to the sovereignty of Ireland . . . and inculcated the necessity of obeying him under pain of excommunication." At the same Synod the Pope abolished the right of sanctuary in Ireland and empowered the English to hunt the Irish refugees who sought shelter in Irish churches.

In 1319, when the English were being driven from Ulster and Connacht, Pope Joannes XXI responded to the English king's plea for assistance by excommunicating all the Irish who were in arms against England. The Battle of the Boyne, fought in 1690, a great disaster for the Irish, caused Pope Alexander VIII to order the Vatican to be illuminated and special masses to be offered up in thanksgiving.

During the 1798 rising the hierarchy and most of the priesthood denounced the Society of United Irishmen and preached loyalty to the government. The Act of Union was protested by thirty-two Orange Lodges but endorsed by the Catholic hierarchy.

When the starving peasantry of Ireland refused to pay rent to idle landlords during the famine period, Connolly quotes an ardent Catholic writer as stating that the antagonism of the hierarchy "was fatal to the movement—more surely and infallibly fatal to it than all the powers of the British Crown." The Fenian Brotherhood was similarly denounced, as was the innocuous Home Rule movement of Isaac Butt.

In all these instances, and in many others which Connolly quoted from authoritative sources, the church finally acknowledged, by deed if not by word, that it had been wrong.

To the cry raised by his Jesuit opponent that Socialists were the worst enemies of their own country, whatever that might be, Connolly replied that the same cry had been raised, more truly, against the Jesuits many times in years past. He cited the fact that the Jesuits had been expelled from every Catholic country in Europe, and that in 1773 the Pope himself was forced to suppress the Jesuits in all the states of Christendom.

DUTIES AND RIGHTS

Labour, Nationality, and Religion precipitated a controversy in the Catholic *Times,* in October and November of 1912. Connolly again maintained that:

> . . . the considerations which compel the Holy See, as such, to recognize the *de facto* government and the *de facto* social order are not binding upon individual Catholics, and we, therefore, retain to the full all our rights and prerogatives as citizens and workers for social betterment, without abating necessarily one jot of our Catholicity. . . . Without this right, Catholicity would be synonymous with the blackest reaction and opposition to all reform. As an example Ireland is illuminating. For the greater part of seven centuries the *de facto* government of Ireland has been a foreign government imposed upon the country by force, and maintained by the same means. The Holy See was compelled by its position to recognize that government, but the holiest and deepest feelings of the Catholics of Ireland were in rebellion against that government, and in every generation the scaffold and the prison and the martyr's grave have been filled in Ireland with devout subjects of the Holy See, but with unrelenting enemies of the *de facto* government of Ireland. The firm distinction in the minds of Irish Catholics between the *duties* of the Holy See and the *rights* of the individual Catholics has been a necessary and saving element in keeping Ireland Catholic. . . .

In August of 1913 the employers of Dublin provoked a strike by demanding that workers sign a pledge never to join the dreaded Irish Transport and General Workers Union. In that strike Connolly, introducing advanced IWW ideas, played a part second only to that of Jim Larkin. But the prelates stood loyally by the capitalists. When a humanitarian attempt was made to send some of the Dublin children to England where they could be fed, Dr. Walsh, the Catholic archbishop of Dublin, declared that their mothers would not be "worthy of the name of Catholic mothers if they sent away their children to be cared for in a strange land without security of any kind that those to whom the poor children were to be sent were Catholics, or, indeed, persons of any faith at all." When a group of the children were taken down to the docks to be sent away, twenty-five priests appeared and made such a disturbance that the children had to be returned to the protection of Catholic Dublin.

Then came the Easter Rising, the heroic embodiment of Connolly's words: "For the only true prophets are they who carve the future which they announce." For almost a week a handful of idealists, patriots, and believers in a workers' republic held the center of Dublin against the might of Britain. The battle was lost but the war was won, for, after the execution of the leaders of the rising, the Irish people would be satisfied with nothing less than complete freedom. Before he was executed, Connolly received the last rites of the church. He had been wounded in battle, and two Franciscans helped him from the stretcher to the chair, which he gripped while he waited, head high, for the volley. In jail, when his wife learned of his pending execution, she sobbed, "But your beautiful life, James. Your beautiful life." "Hasn't it been a full life, Lillie," he answered, "and isn't this a good end?"

NO ATHEIST

From all this it is clear, I think, that Connolly was no atheist. He never attacked religion, but that ecclesiastical tyranny which perverted religion; his children were brought up as Catholics, and he had no reluctance about attending church. But essentially he considered religion as something outside the realm of Socialism, where his deepest interests lay. He berated with equal vigor blatant atheism and any selfish claims of the hierarchy that hindered social progress. The church represented matters of morals and faith; it did not presume to regulate matters of economics and politics. It is unnecessary today to draw such sharp lines of demarcation. It is enough that millions of Catholics enrolled in trade unions and other progressive organizations are, by their daily activity, giving the lie to the Coughlins and the O'Connells—who do not represent by any means the entire hierarchy—in their attempt to act as their spokesmen.

SAMUEL LEVENSON.

Speech for a Chorus of Youth

We learned to doubt that city's legend,
X-rayed her signs, majorities of lies,
Saw newsreeling landscapes blend
Worlds at war : : the sweepstakes prize:

Hedged in peace, we held consignment,
Watched tremendous childhood fall apart;
We had not counted on living alignment,
Least credible urging of the heart.

We had not reckoned with some sphere
Of valiance: tomorrow like a myth
That called the glad surveyors forth
To scout the rockies of our fear.

Who never dreamed of it now start,
Companioned, toward that printless shore
Flashing with news of future where
Seceding youth directs its heart.

JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN.

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Forsythe

Oracle in Spats

ONCE upon a time there was a publisher who, let us say, for want of a better name, was called Mr. Crockett. He was a dapper little man who wore spats and had in his time been addicted to pearl-gray gloves. Even now, after years of life in New York, it is plain that Mr. Crockett is a man who struggles bravely against a desire for checked suits.

However, one might delve deepest into Mr. Crockett's soul by looking at his trousers. As a general thing, there is a decorous but deceptive air about these trousers which misleads the uninitiated. What the trousers say, in effect, is: "Here is a man who is fighting and winning, but it is hard. In reality he has never recovered from peg-top pants. As a poor boy, he had outward scorn and inward envy for dudes. What he has always wanted was a tie which went under the name of cravat and a suit made by a sporting tailor. What he craves is a suit so loud and expensive that German bands will stop in awe and become mute upon his arrival. Hence these trousers—in good taste but with a hint of the heterodox in color; well shaped but with an everlasting longing to flare at the knee and become so sharp of crease that they will walk without human propulsion."

The analysis of Mr. Crockett's clothes has much to do with his personality, which is important when discussing a man who originally came out of some Midwestern state like Indiana and is now a publisher known on three continents. It is another interesting thing about Mr. Crockett that although he has received millions of cables, wireless messages, night letters, day press dispatches, straight telegrams, and Easter greetings, he has really never become accustomed to modern science and opens every telegram with the sinking feeling that it may be bad news about Uncle Ben or Aunt Bertha. In short, Mr. Crockett is a smalltown boy.

Although it has been twenty-five years since Mr. Crockett was a reporter, he maintains a private myth to the effect that he lives like a fireman, ready to slide down a pole at any moment to keep the presses running. If Mr. Crockett confined himself to the home grounds, this would be merely annoying, but in recent years he has come to fancy himself as an international authority. The effect upon his foreign correspondents has been malign because it is necessary for them to arrange interviews with whatever prime minister or dictator happens to be in power at the moment. The articles resulting from these visits invariably make an ass out of the correspondent covering that territory, for Mr. Crockett knows nothing whatever of the country he is visiting, has read nothing more profound than the *World Almanac* for the past forty seasons, and feels that his Native Intelligence is bound to have kings bowing at his feet.

Moreover, there is little chance of halting Mr. Crockett at this late day, because he has the privilege of placing his articles on the first page of all his papers and nobody has the corresponding privilege of adding a line of refutation to them. Also, Mr. Crockett has learned about protocol and even if the correct attire for meeting a prime minister is striped trousers and morning coat, he manages somehow to give the impression that he is dressed for canoeing. In this way he satisfies a craving that has nearly undone him in the years since leaving Indiana.

In 1918, when Mr. Crockett signed the Armistice several days before the Armistice was signed, there were shortsighted observers who felt that his goose was cooked, but they reckoned not at all with Mr. Crockett's resilience and the fact that he had been mixing with the great and even fancying himself as an international force. It has been well established now that no man from Indiana who has once been an international force can ever go back to living in Indianapolis.

Recently Mr. Crockett has been abroad again and what he has to report will be accepted as gospel by many decent citizens who, unfortunately, do not know Mr. Crockett personally. It seems that Mr. Crockett has ceased being a mere authority and has now become a seer. With one week of study he is able to tell what every Italian, German, and Russian is thinking. If this happens to be what Mr. Crockett does not want them to think, this is merely proof that he knows more about them than they do themselves. There seems no doubt that Mr. Crockett is eventually going to take over the universe.

For instance, if Mr. Crockett is accepted as an oracle, it will obviously be necessary for the Soviet Union to close up shop. Mr. Crockett saw through the whole business in Russia at a glance and was not hesitant in reporting his findings. Russia is a failure, Communism is a failure, the army is no good, the navy is no good, the food is no good—and, worst of all, the clothes are drab. One has only to know Mr. Crockett to understand what this means to him. With the best intentions in the world, Mr. Crockett could not support a country where choice tweed suitings of pea-green dots shaded with stripes of yellow and vermilion were not common. It must be evident to the most dunder-headed psychologist that success could not possibly be found in a system where the people were not arrayed like the late O. O. McIntyre. After all, there are certain marks which proclaim success. At one time it was a brown derby and a diamond stickpin; at another it was high buttoned shoes and padded shoulders; at another it was the double-breasted sack suit with a black Homburg hat. In any era Mr. Crockett was not merely in style but he was striking out upon those haberdashing adventures which were to give him perpetually the air of a great man who just missed being a jockey.

If you think our analysis of Mr. Crockett is far-fetched, you need only recall that Carlyle wrote *Sartor Resartus* to prove that clothes not only make the man but alter the contour of the world. With a gift for prophecy which has never been properly regarded, Carlyle could only have had Mr. Crockett in mind when he penned his immortal words. History will have a curious story to report on what elegance did to a simple mind from Indiana and what effect that had upon the universe. These are difficult times and Mr. Crockett is doing his duty in commenting upon world affairs even if his knowledge of world affairs is marred by the fact that he failed to finish the only book he ever read on the subject. Mr. Crockett simply does not need book learning. He is a man who can see, and after he sees he can transcribe his views to paper in a way to make small domestic animals cry out in agony. Anyone who takes lightly the words of Arthur E. Crockett as they appear at intervals in the Crockett-Rockett press has only himself to blame if he lacks a complete sartorial interpretation of mankind.

It is a hopeful sign. Mr. Hearst speaks to his readers; Mr. Paul Block advertises his views in other papers; Mr. Frank Gannett uses the radio for his opinions; Mr. Crockett issues his edicts from a point high upon Mt. Ararat. All that is needed now for full freedom of the press is a line at the end of each article by Mr. Crockett, to wit: "Pay no attention; the guy is nuts."

ROBERT FORSYTHE.

Colin Allen

"You scoundrel! You rogue! You knave! You varmint! You—you poltroon! You—you—you New Dealer!!"

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AN EDITORIAL ARTICLE

Mr. Howard Greases the Axis

Following the tory Gannett and the feudal Hearst, Roy Howard does his bit for a fascist America.

THE saying is that nothing broadens like travel. But the series of articles by Mr. Roy Howard, syndicated through his own Scripps-Howard papers last week, evoke nothing more than a broad vowel sound, like "ah" as in the word "blah." Presumably, Mr. Howard spent five weeks touring the major capitals of Europe chatting with "premiers, foreign ministers, military attaches, economists, journalists, and the ubiquitous man in the street." Breathlessly, he returned to Paris, just in time to hear Mussolini break the Sabbath with demands upon France for Tunisia, the Djibouti railroad, and rights on the Suez Canal. In fact, Howard's cables, datelined from Paris, began to appear the following day. They sound like where Il Duce left off.

As factual reporting, Mr. Howard's "uncensored" cables are full of incoherent and shabby falsehoods. Were he not the president and publisher of his own newspapers, such dispatches would not pass the desk of any self-respecting copy man. But appearing at a moment when Mussolini's demands upon France seemed to take the spotlight from Hitler's designs upon Poland, Mr. Howard's series has the easily recognizable purpose of exonerating fascist aggression of the past while justifying future aggression in advance.

"The weekend has sufficed," Mr. Howard declared last Monday, "to begin the vindication which history seems likely to accord Mr. Chamberlain for the 'Munich blunder.'" But the words Munich blunder are in quotes. They are Howard's quotes, for he does not believe that Munich was a blunder at all. In fact, he insists that "there is much truth in Hitler's charge that Franco-British willingness to scrap the trouble-breeding [Versailles] document came twenty years too late . . ."

Condoning aggression of the past, therefore, he prepares his readers for the appeasement policy of the future, with the plea that "the status of Danzig, which is overwhelmingly German, is not sound . . . ," that, after all, "the Polish Corridor was not created by God, but by a none-too-omnipotent lot of war-bred politicians."

Having thus yielded both Danzig and the Corridor without firing a single question mark, Mr. Howard maligns the strength of the Soviet military and air force. His two articles abound with the kind of falsification that might have shamed a man who once had the honor of interviewing Joseph Stalin. His comments on the Soviet domestic situation are not much more than reprints from the Hearst press. But it is important to see that his real intention in devoting space to the USSR lies in the effort to minimize the value of an alliance against fascism between the Soviet Union and the capitalist democracies. With utmost nonchalance, he asserts that "most Russian planes are said to be copies, or slight modifications, of ships now outdated by more modern types of European fighters and bombers." Said to be, by whom? On what evidence?

But the cue for loud guffaws comes when Mr. Howard relates that Polish "reluctance" to stand out against Hitler was due to "suspicion of Soviet unreliability" . . . and finally, that "Russia is an exploded hope . . . washed up as a factor in any immediate alliance against fascism."

Alas for Roy!—only a day or two after his cable from Paris, or wherever else he may have been, the world saw clearly that Polish reluctance arose from suspicion, not of the Soviets, but rather of England. As for the "exploded hope," we must quote Pertinax, who, while no particular friend of the Soviets, cabled the New York *Times* on April 1 that "the major task of the British government is to win Russia's cooperation, since without it, neither Poland nor Rumania can reasonably be expected to be strong enough . . . to withstand the onslaught of Germany and her allies." Clearly, Russia must be more than an exploded hope. If anyone is washed up, we suspect that it must be Mr. Howard.

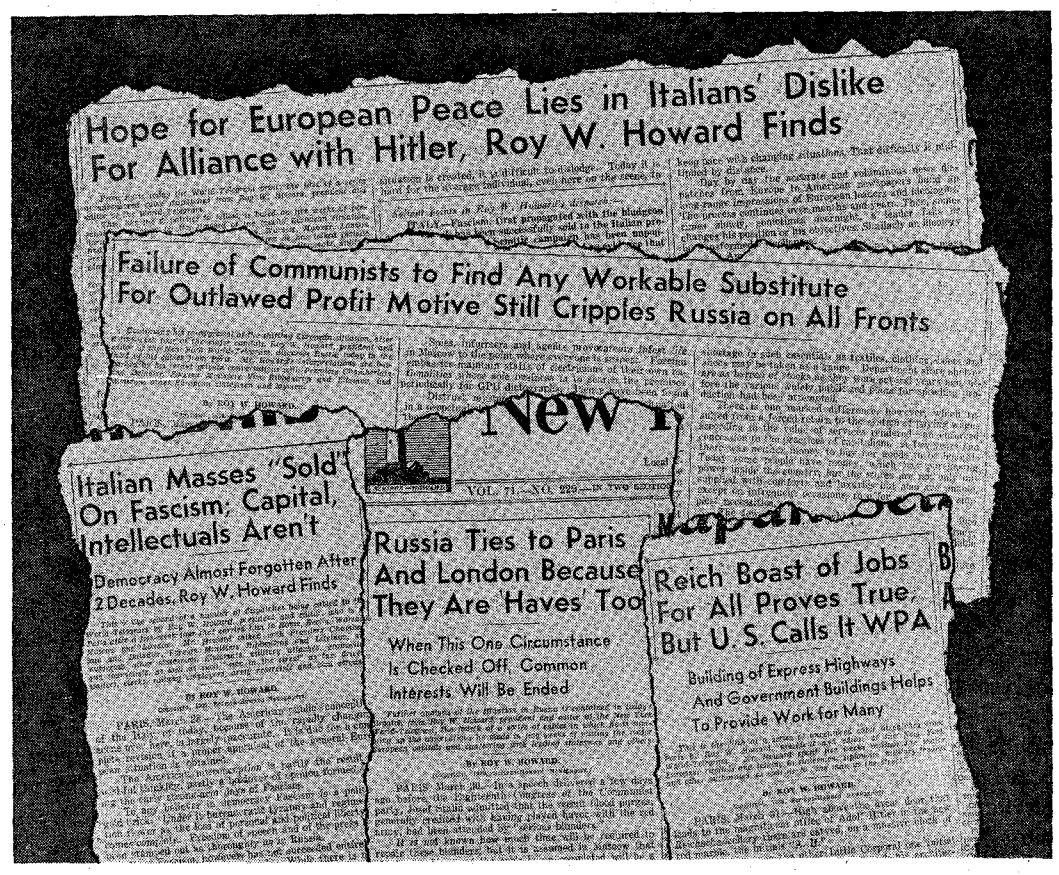
Indeed, why does the president and publisher of a famous newspaper chain preempt the job of his paid correspondents to indulge in balderdash that is rivaled only by the editorial pages of his own paper?

Why does he make an outrageous statement like this, in his sixth article: "The chances of rebirth and revival of Czechoslovakian democracy on a sounder foundation are better today than they would have been had the French and British last September challenged the Berlin-Rome axis . . ."?

Obviously, to grind the ax of the axis powers, which is the same as saying, to plead the cause for American isolation. He gives it all away in a little paragraph, as follows: "American foreign policy that ignores the actualities of the situation may develop consequences as ill-advised as the attempt to make the world safe for democracy."

Get the point? The actualities, Mr. Howard would have us believe, are: (1) that we must knuckle under to the fascist dictators; and (2) that American action to head off fascism must necessarily be as ill-advised as a previous effort to make the world safe for democracy.

All this has been heard before. Mr. Howard's repetition betrays the anxiety that the American people will have none of it. Not even when a lord of the press becomes a pimp for the axis, or, the way people are putting it these days, the Fuhrer's procurer.


Hope for European Peace Lies in Italians' Dislike For Alliance with Hitler, Roy W. Howard Finds
Failure of Communists to Find Any Workable Substitute For Outlawed Profit Motive Still Cripples Russia on All Fronts
Italian Masses "Sold" On Fascism; Capital, Intellectuals Aren't
Democracy Almost Forgotten After 2 Decades, Roy W. Howard Finds
Russia Ties to Paris And London Because They Are 'Haves' Too
When This One Circumstance Is Checked Off, Common Interests Will Be Ended
Reich Boast of Jobs For All Proves True, But U. S. Calls It WPA
Building of Express Highways And Government Buildings Helps To Provide Work for Many

HOWARD HEADLINES. *This is how the New York "World-Telegram" handled the Howard series. Although more misleading than the articles themselves, the heads do crystallize the sentiments of the articles.*

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The End of Appeasement?

THE Nazi threat against Poland seems at long last to have halted the retreat before fascist aggression. Whether or not Prime Minister Chamberlain's two momentous declarations pledging military aid to Poland represent a genuine change of Britain's course or are a mere temporizing maneuver for the purpose of salvaging the discredited appeasement policy, only the future can tell. Chamberlain's past record is so unsavory and his approach to the problem of resisting further fascist banditry has been so halting and circuitous that even the best statements cannot dispel suspicion and doubt. He will have to show that he means business.

Yet events and an aroused public opinion seem to be driving the British ruling class on a path that marks the first break with Munich. In his second statement Chamberlain himself characterized this as a "great departure." Just how great remains to be seen. His first statement, on March 31, was sufficiently ambiguous to make it possible for the London *Times,* which is so often the unofficial anticipator of government policy, to declare that Chamberlain's pledge "does not bind Britain to defend every inch of the present frontiers of Poland." And the Soviet press has pertinently recalled that at Munich Britain and France gave Czechoslovakia guarantees against unprovoked aggression—and then did nothing when Hitler seized Czechoslovakia on March 14.

Chamberlain's statement of April 3 was more clearcut and envisaged an even broader policy of similar commitments to other countries menaced by the expansionist drive of Nazi imperialism. Obviously, Hitler's truculent speech at Wilhelmshaven, in which he told Britain to go to hell and by implication admitted he had designs on Poland (though he did not mention that country by name) had a sobering effect on even the most ardent pro-Nazis in British ruling circles.

Of enormous significance in this whole situation is the role of the Soviet Union. Where now are all those puny "experts" like Ludwig Lore of the New York *Post* —expert chiefly at purveying slanders against the Soviet Union and sowing confusion and defeatism on so many vital issues—who spouted sage inanities about Soviet "isolation" and the "weakness" of the Red Army? Even Chamberlain, in an obvious reference to the USSR, now finds it necessary to say: "We welcome the cooperation of any country, whatever its internal system of government, not in aggression but in resistance to aggression."

But if this resistance is to be effective, the attempts being made by Chamberlain and his colleagues to limit commitments to specific countries and for a specific period must give way to a genuine policy of collective security against *all* aggressors in *all* areas where aggression threatens. The active cooperation of the United States in such a policy is essential for our own protection.

Relief Arithmetic

CONGRESS has bickered, bantered, and boondoggled through two weeks of hearings on WPA appropriations. In the House, the Dies clique is still asking for an investigation of WPA, asking, in other words, for funds to find reasons to cut funds. The House has already passed a cut of $50,000,000. Led by the hoary tory Carter Glass, the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee grimly amuses itself with the arithmetic of relief. Two hundred thousand workers and their families have been cut away from their means of sustenance while the senators make jokes about whether the sum shall be $83,000,000 or $84,000,000.

Slaughter in Spain

THE Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Slaughter of the Innocents, and other famed carnivals of bestiality will pass into the discard after Franco's Holy Week Slaughter is completed in Madrid. There is rejoicing in the hearts of Hitler, Mussolini, Cardinal Goma, Father Coughlin, Father Thorning, and the sex-starved Moors who have been waiting patiently outside the gates of Madrid until they opened to them.

The concentration camps have already been set up, wholesale arrests and executions that follow each seizure of power by fascism are reported daily, with over 600,000 prisoners already listed by Franco. The attack upon democracy abroad has begun in Franco's campaign for fascist penetration into South America, reclaiming our Southern continent for imperial Spain. The confiscation of church property, as in Germany, Austria, and Czechoslovakia, can be expected to follow.

Our administration's foolish and antidemocratic act in recognizing Franco and lifting the arms embargo on Spain is incomprehensible and is in direct conflict with our established policy of refusing to recognize armed conquest of people, as in the case of Manchuria, Czechoslovakia, and Ethiopia. Will we now sell arms to the stooge Franco, so that Hitler and Mussolini may attack France? Will Americans in South America be shot, as in China and republican Spain, with bullets supplied and legally shipped from Wilmington, Del.? It is well known that the "American Cliveden set" in our State Department are enemies of the administration's good-neighbor policy. But never before have they been so bold as to encourage bad neighbors like Franco and his allies from Rome to Tokyo.

Tammany Testament

IT WILL likely cost the National Association of Manufacturers a million dollars to repair the damage done to the American Dream by Charles E. Schneider, Tammany leader of the 8th Assembly District in New York. Mr. Schneider has relinquished his post with a statement whose melancholy rhetoric has wrecked our ambition to be a success. Little did we think that the heady wine of power left such a morning after:

> Farewell to politics! My heart has been broken by the events of the last five years. Man's inhumanity to man, in its cruelest form, has been visited upon me.
>
> This is my twentieth year in the practice of law. Class president, valedictorian, editor of my school paper, assistant attorney general of the state of New York, active in the religious, fraternal, and civic life of the community, living a model life, married twenty-six years—this is the panorama before me and seemingly all for naught. Attacked, criticized, stigmatized, pilloried!

But we must draw the veil of pity on the heart-wrenching scene, amidst the low sobs of small boys who will never make good.

Mr. Schneider was forced to resign as assistant attorney general by Thomas E. Dewey's allegation that he took fees from racketeers for defending Morris Goldis, charged with the murder of William Snyder, teamsters' union official, on Sept. 12, 1934.

Station WNYC

NEW YORK CITY has a radio station which is a model for radio as public service. WNYC, with its broad cultural activity, is naturally resented by the Tammany mob. When the station broadcasts City Council meetings the old-guard heelers can be heard roaring and groaning about waste, Communistic propaganda, etc. This reached its most interesting pitch last year when a broadcast of a travel talk about the USSR,

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one of a series of descriptive programs on foreign travel, was attacked as Communist propaganda. Now Borough President James J. Lyons of the Bronx has grabbed himself a bit of airspace on WNYC to attack the municipal station as "wasteful and useless." He proposed that it be discontinued in the interests of "economy." After Lyons blew his top, Newbold Morris, president of the council, departed from his text to defend the station. WNYC is one of the most valuable achievements of the LaGuardia administration. New Yorkers will do well to keep it.

Courts against Labor

NOT justice but judicial vengeance animated the verdict of a federal district court jury which assessed damages of $237,310 against Branch 1 of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers (CIO) and its president, William Leader. This tribute, which Judge William H. Kirkpatrick ordered tripled under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, is to be exacted for the part the union and its president played in the seven-week sitdown strike at the Apex Hosiery Co., Philadelphia, in 1937.

If the Apex decision is allowed to stand, the trade-union movement can be wrecked through the simple device of sending agents provocateurs into the ranks of strikers to damage company property and then bringing suit under the Sherman act.

The Sherman act was invoked in this case on the theory that the strike resulted in an interference with the free flow of interstate commerce. But as Mr. Herbert Syme, attorney for the union, points out, the Supreme Court has in the past ruled that industry cannot be convicted of violating the Anti-Trust Act unless there has been *substantial* interference with the flow of commerce. In the Coronado Coal Co. case in 1922 the Supreme Court held that there had been no violation of the Sherman law despite the fact that mines were dynamited and thirteen persons were killed. Now, however, a new attempt is made to use the act against labor.

Ex Rex

THE rout of the Rexists, the Belgian contingent of Hitler's wooden-horse brigade, is the outstanding result of the Belgian elections. The Rexist fuhrer, Degrelle, was reelected but only three of his twenty henchmen were returned. It means that the Nazi political invasion of Belgium has been checked and henceforth the Belgians will be able to concentrate on the relatively simpler problem of defense against the Reichswehr.

Of hardly less significance was the curbing of the rapidly growing reactionary Flemish separatist movement. In the 1936 elections the Flemish Nationalist Party doubled its 1932 representation. But the lesson of the Slovak separatist movement, which precipitated both the Czechs and the Slovaks into the Nazi maw, has had a sobering influence on all those who have permitted minority sentiment to be exploited by reaction.

That the defeat of the fascist forces was not accompanied by a healthy growth in the strength of the proletarian parties was due to the role which the Socialist Party played in the Socialist-Catholic coalition government of Belgium. Instead of taking the initiative as the senior member of the partnership and fighting for policies which would have rallied the growing popular front forces around it, the Socialist Party passively allowed their conservative partners to dictate both the foreign and domestic policies of the government. To curry favor with the Nazis, the Spaak government, headed by a Socialist, out-Chamberlained Chamberlain, denounced Belgium's alliance with France, and was one of the first democracies to recognize Franco.

Auto Workers Convene

UNANIMOUS support of a plan for collective bargaining with Henry Ford is the most recent dispatch from the Cleveland convention of the United Automobile Workers. At this writing five hundred delegates from the UAW are finishing the business of a session that has already lasted eight days and has been one of the most progressive conventions in labor history. The organization that, more perhaps than any other American trade union, has been beset by an unholy combine of company banditti, labor fakers, indigenous demagogues, and malicious newspapermen has shown its power to withstand the worst its enemies can offer.

Next week NEW MASSES will present a fuller survey of the convention. In the interim it is worth noting that the vast majority of organized automobile workers have gone on record as progressive and militant trade unionists. By adopting a program to organize the Ford plants they have taken the largest single step toward completing the job begun at General Motors over two years ago. They have declared 100 percent solidarity with the CIO. Special emphasis has been placed on the organization of Negro workers. WPA cuts were protested.

Only one aspect of the convention was reminiscent of the Homer Martin days, and that was the newspaper coverage. Martin, Harry Bennett, Father Coughlin, and Jay Lovestone had their friends at the press table, and the splitting tactics that would have been real had Martin presided were made manifest in type. Fortunately, the union has other ways of letting the public know what it is and where it stands.

Old King Cotton

EVEN as the Walrus, a group of Southern senators have been wailing that "something must be done for cotton." And they proceed to do something only for themselves. The Bankhead-Smith bill, passed by the Senate Monday and now before the House, is essentially a scheme whereby the large cotton growers can repossess a slice of the cotton surplus below the market price. After pocketing loans which the government gave in consideration of crop reduction, these large landowners can now take title to their cotton by payment of 5 cents a pound. Obviously, only the big growers have cash available. Only the biggest of them can afford to work the cotton off on the market over a long period of time.

But the rub is that, having repossessed about three million bales of the warehouse crop, they need not plant as much next year. Since three million bales is about one-third of the usual crop, at least one-third of the tenants and sharecroppers, that is, about 500,000 people, will be out of work next year, crowding the highways of the cotton states as they did a short while ago. Ironically, the cost of this plan to the government would reach $225,000,000, taking the loan loss and carrying charges into account. In short, the very senators who moisten the editorial pages of the New York *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* when it comes to $150,000,000 for the WPA, keep tongue in cheek when the Treasury till is opened to themselves.

Happily, this steal will meet House opposition and administration disfavor. While some farm congressmen were preparing price-fixing schemes, the Department of Agriculture offered an export subsidy plan with the President's endorsement. Briefly, the administration would sell cotton to exporters at a price low enough to meet international competition. The proceeds would go to repay the growers for their cotton now under loan. To meet the possible competition of low-priced finished goods from abroad, the government would protect the domestic manufacturer by manipulating tariff rates. Assuming that this plan would really dispose of enough surplus to make it worthwhile, it is sure to depress the market and prejudice the reciprocal trade program with cotton-producing nations and finished-goods exporters.

A much better proposal has been made by Senator Connally of Texas, in *S. 1139*. He would distribute about two million bales of cotton through the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation. Directly benefiting the mass of people who need cotton goods, costing less than any other plan, the Connally bill would not injure tenants and sharecroppers. But it would mean work for textile labor and business for the domestic manufacturer.

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Coleridge and Wordsworth

Joseph Freeman discusses the problems of the Romantic poets in his review of Frances Winwar's "Farewell the Banner."

WITH the skill of a novelist, almost with his method, Frances Winwar has set down the fascinating and instructive story of two poets and a woman living during the storms of revolution and counter-revolution at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries. The hero of her brilliant narrative *(Farewell the Banner,* Doubleday, Doran & Co., $3.50) is Samuel Taylor Coleridge, but her concentric biographic method widens the circle to include the poet's two great intimates, William and Dorothy Wordsworth, then other friends—Southey, Lamb, the Hutchinson girls, and the entire literary group in which they moved. The historic setting is evoked casually. Somewhere in the background we catch passing shadows of the French Revolution, Pitt's England. Our attention is centered primarily on the "three persons with one soul," the strange friendship which made and marred Coleridge and the Wordsworths.

Coleridge was born in 1772, died in 1834. Miss Winwar's narrative stops with 1802, when the poet was only thirty. She believes he died at that age in the spirit, that the three last decades were for the most part agony and waste. The story is one of the birth and death of a Romantic poet. An attempt is made to discover the causes of the early tragic dissolution of sublime lyric gifts.

The problem has preoccupied many writers. Most of the great Romantic poets died young, either in the flesh or the spirit. The puzzling case of Wordsworth, who created until 1814, then lived on with a heart of stone for two more decades, has provoked a voluminous literature. All sorts of theories have been advanced to explain his startling "anti-climax": disappointment in the French Revolution, a sense of guilt about his shabby conduct toward Annette and his baby daughter in France, premature senility due to some glandular disturbance, the acerbity of Jeffrey's reviews, the poet's own dour Narcissism—yes, even W. W.'s literary principles—have been held responsible for his fall.

After recreating Coleridge's character in vivid detail, Miss Winwar attributes his defeat as a poet to his own abasement before Wordsworth; to Wordsworth's cruel, selfish conduct toward his friend. Her material is convincing enough. Coleridge always groveled in the dust before W.W., whom he considered "greater, better, manlier" than himself in every respect. His attitude toward Wordsworth's poetic gifts was one of abject piety. He nourished these gifts with his own, inspiring Wordsworth to write things which he himself could envision but, through weakness of will, could never set down on paper. Coleridge gave all, received practically nothing in return. Oversensitive to the opinions of his intimates, above all W.W.'s opinion, he was dependent to a pathetic degree upon love and appreciation. His compulsion to self-degradation and self-destruction was almost fatal.

From Miss Winwar's arrangement of the material, a Freudian might conclude that Coleridge had a strong, unconscious homosexual attachment to Wordsworth, very much like Verlaine's to Rimbaud. He saw himself outstripped by his friend in character, poetic ability, love, marriage. Above all, Coleridge felt himself rejected and spurned by the object of his love and devotion. He was acutely aware of his self-abnegation, suffered nightmares of jealousy, but was helpless. All the more reason why his friends should have aided him, understood him, loved him. The neurotic functions well in direct proportion to the sympathy he receives from the surrounding world. The neglect of friends may drive the "sensitive plant" into that very dissolution which they profess to deplore. Miss Winwar observes, in this case at least, that a man's worst foes may be those of his own household. Coleridge considered his defeat thorough; he fled for solace to brandy and laudanum, forsook poetry forever. Hence, Miss Winwar assumes, he died in the spirit at the untimely age of thirty.

The villain of the piece is Wordsworth, "so savage and Tartarly." But was not Wordsworth himself victim as well as villain? Did he not also die in the spirit a decade later? Why is the story of modern European literature so full of tragic frustration? Nineteenth-century art is strewn with great wrecks. Across the century's threshold lies the prostrate body of Coleridge; in its center, the corpses of Baudelaire, Verlaine, Rimbaud; at its exit, Wilde, Swinburne, and the other decadents. Explain the immolation of these writers, if you like, by their neuroses; but then you have to explain the neuroses. No matter how much infancy, childhood, family life may have contributed to the tragedy, these experiences themselves have some source. There is always the lowest common denominator, the highest common factor. Coleridge broke his neck against the historic era in which he lived. Like Wordsworth, Byron, Hazlitt, Hunt, and many other European intellectuals for decades to come, he was first roused by the glorious promises of the French Revolution, then flabbergasted by the capitalism which emerged from the dissolving mists of the dream.

Who of that literary generation survived the ordeal? The sublime achievements of the democratic revolution could be voiced only by a new generation, born too late to be overwhelmed by the unclarified details of the mighty social storm, yet early enough to feel its creative power directly, to see its essential meaning in perspective. The story of Coleridge and Wordsworth cannot have the French Revolution as a casual parenthesis. The revolution must move in the very center of their personal tragedies. To be sure, there were men of that period who were not crushed by the aftermath of the revolution. Edmund Burke converted his disappointment into a reactionary best-seller. The Talleyrands and Fouches knew how to cash in with power and wealth. Politically minded men of insight and courage, like Babeuf, Saint-Simon, and Fourier, cast up historic accounts, discovered the limitations of the bourgeois revolution, foreshadowed the socialism which was eventually to follow.

Who suffered, fled to vice or fantasy for solace, protested by suicide? We cannot know how fortunate Wordsworth and Coleridge were until we look at their contemporaries in France, until we read novels like *Obermann.* We cannot understand the disappointment unless we understand the expectation. The men who suffered were those whose sensibility was greater than their will, whose feeling overwhelmed their understanding and their capacity for action, the very men likely to become poets rather than the emperor's prefects. The gap between bourgeois promise and bourgeois reality knocked them silly. Maybe it served them right for taking words so seriously; but men who do not begin by taking words seriously are not likely to become writers. It is also true that Coleridge, Wordsworth, and their French contemporaries were members of that middle class whose aspirations were crushed by the revolution—"the daydreaming Jacobins." To say that is to lay your finger upon one of the limitations of the poets and their social class, and also upon one of the necessary limitations of the French Revolution.

Wordsworth's masterpiece is *The Prelude.* He worked on it secretly for more than thirty years. It was suggested by Coleridge, who urged his friend to "write a poem in blank verse addressed to those who, in consequence of the complete failure of the French Revolution, have thrown up all hopes of the amelioration of mankind, and are sinking into an almost epicurean selfishness." *The Prelude* deals with the growth of the poet's mind; the central point of that growth was the revolution.

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Coleridge's suggestion was clear enough; Wordsworth's poem makes the point even clearer. On abandoning the revolution because it failed to fulfill their romantic expectations of it, both Wordsworth and Coleridge became tories. This is the penalty which all must pay who fancy that in an era of great social change they can remain above the battle permanently, proclaiming, as W.W. did, that their early hopes have been blasted but the ideal remains valid. Withdrawing from the revolution of the world, Wordsworth was anxious to retain the democratic dream intact without reference, even in opposition, to the revolution which was fulfilling fragments of it within the limitations set upon it by history. He wound up as the poet-laureate of the reaction. Coleridge wound up writing editorials for the junker *Morning Post.* Shelley was wiser. Think of his preface to *The Revolt of Islam,* written in 1817, when Wordsworth and Coleridge were still active, Bonaparte an exile in Saint Helena, a Bourbon once more on the throne of France.

A vast social change, such as the French Revolution ushered in, transcends all individual hopes and despairs. Despite the literary vanity and political obtuseness which landed Wordsworth in the tory camp, he could not help furthering one aspect of the democratic revolution, so long as he remained truly creative. He did bring into modern English literature a preoccupation with the common man and with common speech. And Coleridge, for all his self-abasement, his distorted love life, his idealist metaphysics, his reactionary editorials—Coleridge, too, whenever he was truly creative, was a son of the French Revolution. Consider that terrible fertility of his, the habit of spinning ideas which he never carried out, planning books which he never wrote. This was a personal shortcoming as ludicrous as it was tragic; but it was also symptomatic of the great revolutionary epoch in which he grew up. In every such age, boundless vistas open before man. Everything appears possible of immediate fulfillment. The doors of the ancient prison have been flung open and the liberated mind wants to do everything at once. There is so much to do, so much to change, and the imagination is timeless. The creative spirit, facing a new era, perceives the outlines of remote possibilities, like da Vinci dreaming of airplanes four centuries before they came, or Michelangelo sketching gigantic projects which he could never complete. The French Revolution was the apotheosis of the Renaissance. Can we blame Coleridge for visions which the new age poured into his receptive brain without giving him the means of realizing them?

The visions were there, and that is the real key to Coleridge. Can we say that unless a man keeps on writing lyric poetry after thirty, he is no longer alive? We know that in 1802 Coleridge was entering into a century in which science replaced religion, and prose replaced poetry, a century when the Industrial Revolution marked the end of that long agricultural civilization which had been the basis of mankind's life for five thousand years. Every literary barque was shaken by the storm which followed, and many foundered. Yet at that very point where the first half of Coleridge's creativeness ends, the second begins. Note a significant difference: Wordsworth also died as a poet in the prime of his manhood, but there his spiritual life ended; he had no other outlet; he became merely a provincial tory, a living ghost crowned with the official laurel. Coleridge died and was transfigured; he found new paths for his creative genius.

To begin with, he became a great teacher, influencing a new generation of English writers as he had once influenced Wordsworth. Not all of his disciples were grateful; Byron and others plagiarized from him before they were ready to do him justice. Those who understood their debt to Coleridge sometimes acted in the traditional manner. It is often the lot of the great teacher to be forgotten; he is lucky if he isn't crucified. But the teaching was there, the ideas sank into younger creative minds, and through them eventually into Anglo-American literature.

Again, Coleridge in the last three decades of his life became a great literary critic. At that time criticism was still a young branch of the arts, unappreciated by the English. The French knew better: some of their finest writers were critics—Saint-Evremond, Montaigne, Voltaire, Diderot. In this respect Coleridge was once more the pioneer and creator whose work requires revaluation today.

Finally, Coleridge was a pioneer in another field. Frustrated as a personality, he became aware of the problem of personality; broken in will, he began to study the nature of the will; disgusted with himself, he probed deeply into the self. Thereby he became a forerunner

ROBERT RAVEN. *The blinded veteran of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade portrayed by Moses Soyer. Raven was married to Miss Mary Tannenhaus on March 31. Ralph Bates, Jay Allen, and others spoke, and the Soyer portrait was unveiled.*

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of modern introspective psychology. Out of his agony, the defeated poet learned how we may contribute to our own ruin by mistaking wishes for realities; he discovered that in our civilization conflict and competition extend "even to love and friendship"; that here too, "we gain only what we arrogate." And he grasped the profound truth that "no intellect, however great, is valuable if it draw us from action and lead us to think and think till the time of action is passed and we can do nothing."

Above all, he penetrated to certain laws of the imagination, the basis of creative art. Here the English critic Alick West has indicated what is best in Coleridge's thought. This is based on two main concepts: that of organic unity from which the individual parts derive, and that of diversity and conflicting movement within the unity. Coleridge's idealist dialectic led him, as it led Hegel, to support the status quo in the English politics of his time; but if we follow Marx's technique and stand Coleridge's literary criticism on its feet—and on a materialist basis—we shall see that its leading ideas are partially defined in terms of social action. For Coleridge the imagination is the root both of the poetic faculty and of poetic appreciation. But, as Mr. West points out, he attributed two other functions to the imagination: it enables us to become conscious of our movement in the conflicting advance of our society, and it can give that movement socially valuable form.

JOSEPH FREEMAN.

La Pasionaria

Dolores Ibarruri's speeches and articles make a memorable book.

TO ALL who worked and fought for the victory of the Spanish republic, the words of Dolores Ibarruri (Pasionaria) were more than calls to action. They were monuments that lived in the great infantry divisions which routed the Italian fascist legions, and in the courageous airforce that drove the Nazis out of the sky again and again. Pasionaria's words were the program of a democracy defending itself for two and a half years against the most powerful fascist armies. These words have been collected in a new book by the beloved leader of the Spanish working class (*Dolores Ibarruri: Speeches and Articles, 1936-1938,* International Publishers, 75 cents).

The writer saw Dolores on several occasions in Spain. She is a big woman. Her broad face is deeply calm, and her smile is very contagious and happy. She speaks in a low, soothing, but powerful voice. She is often very forceful, full of a belief that leaves one with a firm sense of confidence and justice. In the dangerous days of March and April 1938, during the big retreat, she often came and walked among the trains of fleeing refugees who were suffering great hardship. She always told them to stay with the army unit, that here they would be safest. And for this the soldiers loved her. Once she came and dug trenches for a whole day along with thousands of workers from the cities, when the population was being mobilized for this service to the republic.

When the Asturias fell and were starved out, it was Dolores who told the people, in words which are no less true today, when the world is about to witness another blood bath, "Let the fainthearted, let the cowards who are incapable of sacrifice and who suppose that a struggle must consist only of victories, begin to doubt, drop their hands, and spread defeatist rumors. Despite everything, we shall win!"

In one of these articles, "In Memory of Lena Odena," Dolores writes the beautiful and moving story of the death of a great fighting comrade who was one of her closest friends. Lena was surrounded while in command of a column outside Madrid. She killed herself with her last bullet. The fascists paraded her body in the streets of Granada.

As a great world leader of the Communist Party, Dolores strengthened the working classes all over the world because of her ability to address them. In the first days of the struggle, she spoke to all the world and told of the barbarian tortures of the fascist invader: "We do not demand that a beast should cease being a beast. But we appeal to the consciences of the democrats of the world. We loudly proclaim our protest and indignation at indescribable villainies and our suffering at these streams of blood."

In the very earliest days of the war, Dolores spent all her time in the trenches, and shouted to the defenders, "Better die standing, than live kneeling." To the women she said, "We prefer to be the widows of heroes rather than the wives of cowards." These words became the slogans of the People's Front.

In Spain, these articles and speeches were stronger than weapons. In America, we must take them to heart. To those of us who helped Spain, these words of Pasionaria's are about the best thing we can have from the war. To those who failed to help, these words are a ringing challenge. "The bravery of fascism," Pasionaria has said, "is in exact proportion to the cowardice of the democracies.

FRED KELLER.

Marxist Economics

"Political Economy and Capitalism" by Maurice Dobb.

MAURICE DOBB is a member of that brilliant group of young Englishmen who have done notable work in applying Marxism to new problems while using terms familiar to their readers. His contribution (*Political Economy and Capitalism,* International Publishers, $3) is all the more striking because his field is economics, where Marx, Lenin, and Stalin have each given classical analyses of whole epochs, and where bourgeois thought is, for all practical purposes, simply a system of apologetics. Yet he makes fresh use of Marxian concepts, and at the same time tackles those problems which make up the sphere of capitalist economics. Thus the book under review serves a double purpose: it is an introduction to Marxist economic thought, and it shows the blind alley into which bourgeois economists have gone. The validity and superiority of Marxism are thus demonstrated in a way that cannot be pushed aside with the academic claim that it does not deal with up-to-date problems.

Of course this claim is untrue, but Dobb has done a real service in meeting it. For he forces the progressive economist actually to examine the contents of Marxism, and this may be the beginning of understanding. That is why his book will be read by many whose hostility was largely due to fear of terminology. When they learn that Marx was the heir of classical political economy, and that he fructified its ideas until he developed the science which illuminates the productive relations of society, then perhaps Marxism will no longer appear to them as a doctrine outside the realm of economics.

Dobb resuscitates the classical term "political economy" to make just this point. Bourgois economists abandoned it when they turned away from the real problems of capitalism to set up systems of subjectivist confusion. Marx, on the other hand, solved the problems which the classical economists could not, by laying bare the dynamics of capitalism. He gave us both a critique of its operations and a scientific forecast of its decay and replacement by socialism. Marxist economics, therefore, is *the* science of economics. This is the thesis of Dobb's book.

The book itself consists of eight essays, each complete in itself but composing a tight whole when taken together. Dobb begins by demonstrating the need for a theory of value, and the inability of classical political economy to formulate a valid one. Marx, however, succeeded and hence was able to discover "the economic law of motion of capitalist society." Dobb then proceeds from theory to practice, and gives a short but illuminating explanation of crises as analyzed by Marx. This essay is the highwater mark of the book, and will come as an eye-opener to those readers who confuse Marx's theory with the arguments of under-consumptionists, disequilibrium advocates, and over-simplifiers who reduce the problem to the falling rate of profit. Dobb shows how Marx takes all these factors into consideration, but in addition, he pictures the economic system as an evolving whole of which the class struggle is an integral part.

Another outstanding essay is the one on imperialism. The author shows that the rise of monopoly capitalism did not invalidate Marx's analysis, any more than fascism negates the analysis made by Lenin in *Imperialism.* On the basis of Marx's work, Lenin explained the decay of capitalism, just as Stalin today, on the basis of Lenin's, shows the connections between imperialism and fascism.

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These are but a number of highlights from a book which is required reading for all students dissatisfied with the inadequacies of capitalist economics. Its methods and conclusions will throw new light on their problems. Its example will stimulate them to break new ground in the manner of Dobb.

DAVID RAMSEY.

Sixty-Cent Books

"Peoples Library" belies its name with first two publications.

MODERN AGE'S success in mass production of books to sell at 50 cents to 75 cents apiece has spurred the Macmillan Company to try a new venture, the Peoples Library. Half the necessary funds come from the Carnegie Corporation, through the American Association for Adult Education, so that even without large sales, these 114-128-page books can sell at 60 cents each.

But unless later volumes are better than the first two, they will not appeal to the progressive-minded reading public. Instead, they are probably intended as an attempt to answer such best-sellers as Granville Hicks' *I Like America,* Mary Heaton Vorse's *Labor's New Millions,* and Strachey's *Hope in America.*

Under a transparent curtain of "impartiality," Chester M. Wright, long associated with the AFL as an editor of the *American Federationist,* attacks the CIO, John L. Lewis, Labor's Non-Partisan League, and the National Labor Relations Act. *Here Comes Labor* (60 cents) is an apology for Matthew Woll and for certain other AFL officials, not an argument for the unity of labor.

Wright asserts that the CIO "walked out," that the AFL was going to plan a steel organizing campaign "but the plans didn't move fast enough to suit Lewis." He gives no credit for CIO statesmanship that cracked big capital's strongholds for the first time. He exaggerates the AFL's membership and belittles the CIO's.

He goes even farther to the right and attacks the New Deal because, he claims, "the new laws have taken away labor's right to decide, in future, what its rights are." He says the National Labor Relations Board has favored the CIO and "has harnessed its charter of freedom with the trappings of regulation and restraint."

Lyman Bryson, known to radio listeners as forum leader for America's Town Meeting of the Air, has attempted an "unbiased" description of Communism, fascism, and democracy in *Which Way America?* (60 cents). But for his chapter on the Soviet Union he has relied mainly on Leon Trotsky's falsified account of the Russian Revolution.

Bryson's superficial little book does not mention that unemployment has been ended in the Soviet Union, or that private profit and exploitation have been abolished. Soviet industrial production stood at 477 (1929 equal to 100) in 1938, while most capitalist countries were involved in a new depression. The Stalin constitution assures every citizen the right to work, the right to leisure, the right to education, the right to material security, the right of sex equality, and the right of racial equality. Yet Bryson admits none of these Soviet achievements.

Which Way America? does oppose fascism, both German and Italian. But it says fascism represents a "kind of radicalism" that is "destroying capitalism." It does not mention Fritz Thyssen or the other big Ruhr industrialists who put and keep Hitler in power—for their own benefit.

GRACE HUTCHINS.

North of Albany

John Sanford's novel hits like a dumdum bullet.

JOHN SANFORD'S third novel (*Seventy Times Seven,* Knopf, $2) has the power of those dumdum bullets that explode and make a great shattering hole when they enter your body. A little book, but it has that impact. It is at once the dramatic story of a few people in upstate rural New York and the general story of all the cramped and stunted lives thrown up by American society.

Sanford's characters are poor farmers for whom the realities of experience are hunger, cold, and disease. They break their backs to get a living from the ground. Children die in infancy or survive to be worked more harshly than the farm animals. Marriages and families are made to increase the labor supply. Education is a concession to law squeezed in between crops. Recreation is the village whore, gossip at the store, or drink.

There is nothing lyrical or tender about life close to the soil. Not on marginal farms. Nor do you often find among those farmers who live alone or in tiny rural communities that spirit and social intelligence which rise from the struggles of men who work together. Sanford's Aaron Platt makes no effective protest against the environmental conditions which have twisted and wrung him dry. Instead he does the natural and inevitable by taking revenge upon another man who to him stands for all the freedom and joy denied him in his own life. So it is no single word or act of Aaron's but rather the whole book of his life that speaks so eloquently for him.

It would be pointless to try to give the outline of Sanford's story. For plot there is just Aaron Platt talking out his life to a court, and threaded through it are the lives of Aaron's mother and father, of Tom Paulhan and a few others, all of them bound up in one meaning. The pattern is skillfully developed and heightened by superb use of pace and relief, producing an unforgettably intense experience. What makes the novel so superior are the details: Sanford's perception of how his people see things and how they react to them, and his ear for their speech. He represents them in word and action vividly and exactly, with no embroidery, no distortions, no omissions. It is a rare pleasure to read

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Kathe Kollwitz, Self-Portrait

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IN 1897-1898 Kathe Kollwitz produced her cycle, *The Weavers' Rising*, and at the turn of the century the drawings for Zola's *Germinal* and the Peasant's War cycle, inspired by Gerhard Hauptmann's play *Florian Geyer*. This work sprang from the spiritual consciousness of German Naturalism. But whereas the literary movement ran to seed and ended in formalistic symbolism, this woman pursued her course alone. The countenances of her people are furrowed with care, blunted, weary, all alike, as the men and women of the people do look alike.

Kathe Kollwitz was elected by the republic to the Academy of Arts. The Hitler regime excluded her from that illustrious circle and banned her work. Today, in her seventies, she lives in Switzerland, an exile.

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MILTON MELTZER.

Southern Agrarian

"Night Rider" has misplaced emphasis on collective violence.

UPON the historical foundation of certain acts of terrorism committed by some Southern tobacco growers around 1904, Robert Penn Warren, in *Night Rider* (Houghton Mifflin Co., $2.50), has constructed what is essentially a novel of individual psychology, intended to show that "He that taketh up the sword shall perish by the sword." He has not skimped in his portrayal of dramatic mass movements; he gives us the sight, sound, and feeling of many men pursuing a single aim; he can create characters vividly and describe action dynamically. But because his efforts are centered upon the warped development of a fundamentally weak protagonist, the truth he attempts to establish becomes a half-truth that serves only obscurantist ends.

Percy Munn, a lawyer and gentleman farmer, is drawn into the tobacco growers' association almost against his will, and thrust into a position of leadership almost by accident. He remains there at first simply because his life is otherwise empty. But when the growers find that methods of open persuasion are not building their organization speedily or solidly enough, and resort first to the nocturnal destruction of seed beds and finally to the burning of warehouses, Munn's feeble life is engulfed by a flood of violence. He finds himself committing acts of terrorism which are not even necessary to the ill-conceived program of the night riders. His whole life is wrenched out of shape; he is estranged from his wife and rendered incapable of achieving a new love. Ultimately the state, which protects the interests of the tobacco companies, destroys him in vengeance for one act of terrorism of which he is not guilty.

The weakness of the central character thus permits the author to present the violence incident to agrarian struggles, not as the product of a class conflict which moves through various phases toward a final resolution, but as a way of life which, once chosen, must lead to the corruption of the human spirit. Society too is corrupted thereby, for the rural proletariat, taking its cue from the still relatively independent growers who make up the association, resorts to sporadic and misdirected acts of violence on its own behalf. The arousing of this class, in the eyes of Mr. Warren, must lead inevitably to the destruction of civilization. The root of corruption and destruction, he suggests, is not so much in exploitation as in the collective action of the exploited. This misplacement is the natural result of the nostalgic "Southern Agrarian" philosophy to which Mr. Warren subscribes.

RICHARD GREENLEAF.

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S I G H T S A N D S O U N D S

Public Eudemonist No. 1

Will Hays reports to the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors Association. A love letter to Snow White . . . Brief notices of current films.

IN HIS annual report on the state of the nation's amusement, Will Hays, czar of all the rushes, admitted for the first time that Hollywood was alive in the world today. There was practically nothing else he could do after the troubled year the American film has passed through.

The fiscal year saw the loss of 10 percent of the foreign market because of bans on American films by Japan, Germany, Italy—and Daladier, who has been inventing restrictive decrees with alacrity. Hitler's grabs, for instance, destroyed 2½ percent of the total foreign market. Franco's victory in Spain means the end of film importations from the cursed Red democracies, and the reverberations of the fascist influence in South America are already giving that large market a dive. We mention these economic facts because they are the real determinants of Hollywood's ideas, not the slogans and the love letters to Americanism suddenly fashionable among producers. Hays admitted the remote possibility that the movies could become more "socially and educationally important," but, he added, "within the boundaries of good taste and sound morals under the Motion Picture Production Code."

"Through the exhibition of American pictures on the screens of the world," Mr. Hays said, "our country maintains a great communications service with many peoples with whom we wish to be at peace." The great communications service with India, exemplified by *Gunga Din,* Mr. Hays? The Indian people regard this film so strongly that they are likely to keep all the rest of RKO's products off Indian screens. Perhaps Mr. Hays means the friendly gesture to France made in *Marie Antoinette,* which reviles the French Revolution. Does he mean the numerous anti-Soviet melodramas, which the USSR continues to note by ignoring them? Or does he mean, on the other hand, the cockeyed impression of America our films give the rest of the world? The country of the golden pavings, the wild Indians, the gang wars on every street—the land where people live in penthouses, wear tuxedos or sables, woo in yellow cabs, and so on *ad nauseam.*

Snow White made Mr. Hays as happy as it did Westbrook Pegler, who forgot his income tax, Ickes' hospital bill, his pal Dies, and the Reds, in his rapturous tribute to the inky ingenue. Mr. Hays says of Walt Disney's cartoon, "Its tremendous production cost demanded the utmost financial courage. No 'isms' whatever were discussed in the film and the millions who hailed it did not seem to miss its lack of social significance. It seems," said Mr. Hays, hanging a mouth-opener on the end, "there are still a number of eudemonists left in the world." The facts are that Disney had a heartbreaking time spurring up the bankers' utmost courage in a project that any schoolboy knew would make millions. The eudemonist throngs who paid the big dough to see a fairytale will pay twice as much to see Disney's talented artisans put Hitler and Mussolini into a cartoon. But that will be over the fallen bastions of Hays and the bankers.

Hays plays churchmouse on the subject of the government's giant anti-trust suit against the major producers. The screen monopoly is trying to get off by promising to be good in the future. The plan is called "self-regulation," something like a shark promising to go vegetarian. The absence of loud screams of "government interference with business" indicates that corporate Hollywood is really scared of Thurman Arnold's indictment. In addition to the federal action many state legislatures have passed bills designed to break up monopoly practices.

Hollywood faces many forced changes in its way of life. Unionism, audience apathy, pressing events in Europe, anti-trust suits, anti-Semitism, competition from foreign producers, the increased insistence from progressive Americans that the movies meet the responsibility of democracy—these are the issues the industry faces. Will Hays' powder for these headaches is a runout powder.

BRIEF REVIEWS

Society Lawyer (MGM) contains a new thrill—Leo Carrillo playing with a model train. I haven't seen a model train for a long time.

Made for Each Other (United Artists) is a freshly directed and acted comedy of young married life, with Carole Lombard and James Stewart.

Alexander Graham Bell (20th Century) illustrates Prof. Darryl Zanuck's dialectic of history—love of man for maid. Professor Zanuck has openly threatened a super-gruesome successor, with Tyrone Power as Abraham Lincoln. Suggested trailer: Abe reading the Gettysburg Address with Loretta Young turning the pages of his speech, while on the outskirts Alice Faye, the woman scorned, plots with John Wilkes Booth, played by Don Ameche, to fix her ex-lover's wagon for him.

The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle (RKO) will go swell on double bills with *You Can't Cheat an Honest Man* or *You Can't Get Away with Murder.* Let's see what you can do with those, you marquee poets on Forty-second Street. Rogers & Astaire dance fine.

JAMES DUGAN.

THOSE TWIN CATACLYSMS OF THE IVORIES, *Albert Ammons and Meade "Lux" Lewis, contemplating a giant jazz passacaglia on their famous Wing piano at Cafe Society. With Pete Johnson and Joe Turner (looking over the wreckage) they are featured in new recordings.*

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Jazz Piano

New boogie-woogie records and other hot stuff.

THE rarest thing in jazz, a recording that catches an inspired jazz artist in pure improvisation, has been accorded the masterful boogie-woogie pianist Meade "Lux" Lewis in a twelve-inch platter from a new recording outfit called Blue Note, at 235 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C. Those people who have thought Lewis monotonous as he plays nightly at Cafe Society are due for the grandest of surprises in the two titles, *Melancholy* and *Solitude,* for Meade completely abandons the boogie-woogie style to play haunting slow blues. It is a curious penetrating performance, framed wholly of the jazz idea, but containing no jazz cliches. Lewis plays with authority and depth of feeling and, for an ad lib performance, with a fine sense of musical structure. A companion piece is another waxen foot of piano exuberance by Albert Ammons, Lewis' nocturnal accomplice at Cafe Society. Ammons runs off a formidable four-minute variation of *Boogie-Woogie Stomp,* the original that gained him his first recognition three years ago in Chicago when John Hammond dropped in, heard, and rushed the Ammons Rhythm Kings off to a studio before they could empty the kitty.

Mr. Hammond is still doing right by our piano titans. He has supervised six sides of boogie-woogie for Vocalion, containing Lewis, Ammons, and Pete Johnson and Joe Turner of Kansas City. Two sides, *Boogie-Woogie Prayer,* I and II, feature the three pianos; the second disc contains the solos *Bear Cat Crawl* by Lewis, and *Shout for Joy* by Ammons; and the third record in the special boogie-woogie envelope presents Joe Turner singing *Roll 'Em, Pete,* and *Going Away Blues,* with Pete Johnson at the piano. This is topnotch stuff except that the recordings engineers didn't get all three dimensions of Turner's vast pipes.

M. Hugues Panassie, the jazz savant from France, spent a couple of days of his first visit to the home of hot jazz in gathering several groups of old-time Dixieland players to reenact for Bluebird the spirit of the dear dead days when the boys had never heard of sheet music. Among the players, many of whom Panassie rescued from cruel obscurity, are the white saxophone and clarinet man "Mezz" Mezzrow; the Negro soprano sax and clarinet veteran Sidney Bechet (who appears as "Pops" King on the labels); Tommy Ladnier, the Negro trumpet player who sat in on the greatest trumpet section in jazz with Louis Armstrong and Joe Smith in Fletcher Henderson's orchestra of 1927; James P. Johnson, that old gargoyle of the piano; Cozy Cole the drummer; John Kirby, bassist; Frank Newton, who leads the exciting band at Cafe Society; and other handpicked virtuosi. Ask for Panassie's Bluebird records. I haven't given the titles because they are the old standards and only the performance matters.

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Bluebird has seen fit to re-press two boogie-woogie rarities—the kind collectors would cheerfully commit ax murders to get. Put away your ax and dig up 35 cents for B-10177, containing Pinetop Smith playing behind a singer simply named "Lindberg" on *East Chicago Blues;* and a piano marvel named Little Brother rendering *Farish Street Jive.* It's good to see the record people waking up to the demand for these jazz primitives, particularly Bluebird, which has allowed Vocalion to scoop them repeatedly in 35-cent re-pressings of classics.

Bob Crosby's orchestra is rapidly becoming a good hot group but the boys have a larcenous habit that does not become them. On two of their recent recordings they steal numbers wholesale from Mitchell's Christian Singers and Big Bill Broonzy, who were featured in NM's *From Spirituals to Swing* concert. *I'm Prayin' Humble,* Mitchell's original spiritual, has been orchestrated in a faster tempo with the same harmonies as the Negro quartet's Vocalion record — and the composition is credited to Bobby Haggart, bass player with Crosby. Charlie Barnet's band has also recorded this number with the false origin. Crosby lifts an arrangement of the traditional blues song *Louise Louise* from Big Bill without credit, and Eddie Miller, talented saxophonist, sings the vocal in outright imitation of Broonzy. This particular variation of Jim Crow is a dirty way of denying the indebtedness to Negro musicians all contemporary white orchestras have. Messrs. Haggart and Crosby are certainly due their credit as discoverers and arrangers but they will win no friends by omitting the Negro artists who composed the music.

JAMES DUGAN.

Philip Barry's Play

"The Philadelphia Story" contains germ of a better drama.

"THE Philadelphia Story" has been told over and over again by Philip Barry—*Paris Bound, The Animal Kingdom, Theme with Variations.* Given the idle rich and their marital difficulties as a framework, Mr. Barry can improvise almost without thinking. You can, if you like, take out the almost. It's optional. The pointed lines, the consciously contrived phrasing, the easy, oily, I-dare-you-not-to laugh delivery of the actors—what has all this to do with honest theater? Nothing. And Mr. Barry knows it as well as any of us.

Mr. Barry's duality is an old story with which we are all familiar. Again and again he has attempted to write as he thinks and not as he feels. In each of his plays is contained the germ of another play—a play he might have written—a play, one suspects, he would like to have written. Nowhere is this as apparent as in *The Philadelphia Story.*

Tracy Lord (Katharine Hepburn) of the rich Philadelphia Lords, is about to marry George Kittredge (Frank Fenton), anthracite king and presidential timber. She doesn't. That's the whole play. Tracy Lord—substitute Doris Duke, Brenda, Barbara, et al—is told off in proper fashion by her first husband several times throughout the play and it is in these scenes that Mr. Barry touches on the heroine's dawning awareness of her own tragic uselessness in the world. What a play that would make!

The author is drawn almost irresistibly to this deeper theme which lies beneath the surface of his pleasant enough little comedy. I got the feeling that Mr. Barry, while writing the play, suddenly found himself holding a hot coal and dropped it. Instead of coming to grips with his material, he backs out; but he hops back; trickily, he dodges in and out, over, under, and around the core of the subject, with all sorts of wisecracks, sage remarks, witty sayings, bons mots, etc. It must be awful to have your brains tangled up in a joke machine.

Seen, however, in a different light, *The Philadelphia Story* is another matter. Viewed as a "show" rather than a play, it is quite amusing. Katharine Hepburn is extraordinarily effective in her flimsy role and dress. The rest of the cast is pretty good and the sets and direction are up to the usual Theater Guild standard.

STEVE MORGAN.

Blume's Rejection

Anti-fascist canvas refused for the Corcoran Gallery Exhibit.

Washington.

THE nation's capital is having an opportunity to see Peter Blume's *Eternal City,* despite its rejection by the jury for the sixteenth biennial exhibition at the Corcoran Gallery of Art. It is on view at the Bookshop, Washington, D. C., till April 8. A first-prize winner at the Carnegie International in 1934 and twice recipient of a Guggenheim Fellowship, Blume painted this large, meticulously executed canvas as a protest against the irony and waste of fascism. Why it was rejected by the Corcoran jury has not been announced, a letter from Meade Minnegerode to the artist simply stating that no record is kept of pictures accepted and rejected. The mystery deepens, as Blume was an "invited" artist to the exhibition in which his masterpiece was not shown.

"One of the great paintings of modern times, regardless of subject matter," C. J. Bulliet called *Eternal City* when it was shown in Chicago last fall. During this exhibition (at the Art Institute) Blume's canvas was one of the "four most popular paintings," according to information from Daniel Catton Rich of the institute. During its display at the Julien Levy Galleries in New York in 1937, the painting was greeted with general critical acclaim and popular interest.

The holding of this one-man, one-picture *salon des refusés* is therefore the logical answer to the censorship of political content and comment implicit in the action of the Cor-

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coran jury. The American Artists Congress, devoted to the defense of democracy, is one of the sponsors of the showing; and it is hoped that the bringing of the issue to light will be a blow for free speech and free exhibition.

E. N.

Fair Enough

Architecture of "World of Tomorrow" takes sensational forms.

ARCHITECTURALLY, the World's Fair goes to extremes with as much gusto as it does in its other aspects. Unhampered by the considerations that control ordinary commercial and public building, the architects let their imaginations run wild, with results that range from the superbly effective to the grotesque. Curiously enough, each designer's effort to be unique has brought about an effect of uniformity—since most of them chose exactly the same way of being "different."

The Theme Center, familiar wherever billboards bloom, consists of three elements: the trylon—a seven-hundred-foot triangular tower; the perisphere—a two-hundred-foot ball; and the helicline—a curving ramp which serves as an exit from the trylon. The simple, geometric forms and the scientific-sounding names are admirably suited to the publicity work upon which the success of the Fair so largely depends. In actuality, however, the Theme Center is a bit disappointing; much of the effect is lost through the lack of minor elements in the design which would, by contrast, give a sense of the huge scale of the group. At present it is no more impressive than a miniature replica would be.

The inside of the perisphere houses an exhibit of the City of Tomorrow—a great scale model of an envisioned town and its environs, designed by Henry Dreyfuss with painstaking thoroughness, ingenuity, and impracticality. The exhibit is viewed from a moving platform. The idealistic approach and the creative imagination shown in this spectacular display make it one of the few in which the keynote of the Fair—the "world of tomorrow"—is consistently carried out.

The Theme Center is white, as are the buildings directly adjacent. Leaving the Theme Center, however, colors appear, first pale, then stronger as the distance increases, until at the outer circumference of the grounds they are full strength. Also, the colors are zoned, so that presumably one can tell, by the predominating color and brightness of the surrounding buildings, which part of the Fair one is in and how far from the Theme Center. So many contrasting colors have been used, for frescoes, signs, etc., however, that the practical value of this clever scheme is doubtful.

The weirdly spiraling forms, the exotic decoration, the seeming defiance of the laws of gravity lead some critics to say that the philosophy of architecture here is not functionalism, but sensationalism. However, it may be argued that these are Fair buildings; hence sensationalism, which attracts attention, is part of their function.

E. R.

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Saturday

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In spite of an ever-mounting array of expenses, we want to send this as a premium on the only form of insurance which we can provide for the happiness of our soon-to-be-born offspring.

Do I sound sentimental? Just cautious — the daily newspapers send shivers of apprehension down my spine — for my children and others of this generation of struggle.

Good luck.

Sincerely,
Helen Moore

HERE is a letter from our files which typifies the spirit of our readers. Mrs. Moore some time ago loaned *New Masses* $150 during an emergency. A few weeks ago we learned that she had entered a maternity hospital and we scratched up the $150 to return to her. We knew she would need the money. Here is the letter she wrote to us from her hospital bed.

The spirit of our friend, Mrs. Moore, is duplicated in hundreds of similar letters from people who cannot afford to help save *New Masses*—but they cannot afford to be without it. In this dilemma we hope more readers will make a similar decision before it is too late.

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